The Nation

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Summary of the News

A severe earthquake, almost as disastrous as that which destroyed Messina and towns of Calabria in the closing days of 1908, occurred in central Italy on January 13. The centre of the disturbance appears to have been in the Abruzzi district, where one town, Avezzano, was destroyed, with all but a few hundred of its inhabitants, and other towns suffered heavy loss. Rome itself, which, though subject to occasional mild shocks, has been generally considered immune from serious earthquakes, was severely shaken, and much damage was done to buildings. In the capital, however, only one person was killed. No complete estimate of the total loss of life can as yet be given. Figures, in these cases, as was seen in the Messina earthquake, exhibit a distressing tendency to enlarge as interrupted communications are reestablished. As we write, tentative figures would appear to produce a list of 30,000 dead and some 50,000 injured.

Even in face of these figures the reflection irresistibly occurs that the hand of God is more merciful than that of man. What are thirty thousand dead in the cemeteries of northern France, or East Prussia, or Galicia, or the Caucasus? What agony is suffered by women and children imprisoned in wrecked towns of the Abruzzi that has not more than its counterpart in tortured Belgium? The Italian Government, headed by King Victor Emmanuel, has taken prompt action for the relief of suffering and the reëstablishment of communications, and, in view of existing conditions, has refused official offers of assistance from other states, such as were so readily forthcoming at the time of the Messina disaster. Profiting by the terrible experience gained at that time, Italy may be looked to to deal with the situation with efficiency and dispatch. What reason there is to suppose that the political situation will be affected by this disaster is a matter upon which we comment elsewhere. Some who pretend to know the new Italy, self confident, courageous, patriotic, say that her ultimate decision, whether for peace or war, will not be affected by a hair's breadth by the present catastrophe.

Another incident has cropped up in the controversy between the United States and Great Britain in regard to the rights of neutral shipping, over the question of the validity of the transfer of the former German steamship Dacia to American registry. The Dacia under her new flag was billed to sail with a cargo of cotton for the German port of Bremen, and inquiries were made as to whether she would be regarded by Great Britain as an enemy vessel. Subsequently it was proposed that the Dacia's port of destination should be changed from Bremen to Rotterdam, and the suggestion was even made that the vessel be permitted to make a single round trip without prejudice to any future action by England. The decision of the British Government, which was received by the State Department on Tuesday, contained, as was expected, a refusal to undertake that the Dacia would make her trip without molestation.

A noteworthy development in the European situation during the past week was the resignation on January 13 of Count Leopold von Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Minister who was responsible for the sending of the ferocious ultimatum to Servia and hence the immediate originator of present evils. As we note elsewhere, the "personal grounds" that form the official reason for the resignation will hardly meet with general acceptance, particularly in view of the appointment as Count von Berchtold's successor of the Hungarian, Baron Stephan Burian von Rajecz. The change is generally interpreted as due to the influence of Count Tisza, and as an effort to convince Hungary that she is a willing party to the war, and that her interests will not be overlooked.

The Hodeida incident still drags on in the manner habitual to Ottoman diplomacy. The Government of the Porte, it is stated, has renewed its instructions to the authorities at Hodeida that the demands of the Italian Government shall be complied with, but, as we write, no steps appear to have been taken to put these orders into effect.

On Monday the United States Commission on Industrial Relations began its public hearings and examination of witnesses in its investigation of the Rockefeller, Carnegie, Sage, and other philanthropic foundations.

The House agreed to the conference report on the Immigration bill on January 15, and the bill awaits the signature or the veto of the President. The President has arranged for a hearing to-morrow (Friday) on the provisions of the bill involving the literacy test.

The passage of the Ship Purchase bill through the present Congress appears likely to be a stormy one, despite the piloting of President Wilson. Considerable opposition to the bill has developed in the Democratic caucus, and it is pointed out that, with only five weeks of the present session of Congress remaining, not a general appropriation bill has yet passed the Senate.

The Naval Appropriation bill was reported to the House on January 16. The bill, as agreed to by the House Naval Committee, provides for two Dreadnoughts, six torpedo-boat destroyers, seventeen submarines (one a sea-going vessel), one oilship, one transport, and one hospital ship. The total of the bill, when the amount received by the sale of the Idaho and the Mississippi is deducted, is $142,833,376.

We comment elsewhere on the nauseating exhibition of political non-morality on the part of the Secretary of State which was uncovered in the course of the Sullivan inquiry. We need only mention here that the record of Mr. Bryan's eagerness to exploit Santo Domingo as a source of revenue for "deserving Democrats" is to be found in the morning papers of January 15.

President Wilson, in a letter to Attorney-General Gregory, the substance of which was made public on Monday, ordered an investigation into the recent phenomenal rise in the price of wheat, with a view to determining if there was "any sort of a combination," whether "a corner or otherwise," which might have affected the price of wheat at this time. An investigation has been begun by the Attorney-General in Chicago.

The mountebank Governor of South Carolina, Cole L. Blease, voluntarily relieved the State of his Governorship by resigning office on January 14, five days before the expiry of his term. The ease with which an undistinguished person may make for himself a place in history is well exemplified in the fact that the ex-Governor of South Carolina will long be remembered as the only State executive who has ever pardoned 2,704 criminals during his term of office.

One of the most revolting lynchings of modern times, of which we make mention elsewhere, occurred at Macon, Ga., on the night of January 14, when, on the slightest of provocation, a mob took from the jail a negro, his son, and two daughters and lynched them, with every attendant circumstance that inhuman brutality could suggest. Public opinion in Georgia has been roused to indignation by the affair, and efforts are being made to arrest those responsible for the lynching.

In Mexico a development of interest, but hardly of importance, was the news that on Saturday night of last week the Convention which professes to have taken the destinies of the republic into its hands named Gen. Roque Gonzales Garza Provisional President of Mexico. The deposed Provisional President, Gen. Eulalio Gutierrez, left Mexico City with some friends (and, it is reported, an army of 5,000 men) for Pachuca early on the following morning. Martial law has been proclaimed in Mexico City, and the Convention has taken over all powers of government, legislative, executive, and judicial.

The Swedish Government has issued a decree prohibiting the transit or forwarding to belligerent Powers of all kinds of war materials, as well as of the raw materials essential to their manufacture.

The new session of the Swedish Parliament was opened by King Gustav on January 16. The King alluded to the recent meeting of the sovereigns of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark at Malmö as a good augury for the future happy relations of the three countries, and dealt with the necessity of maintaining the military forces of Sweden in order that respect for the neutrality of the country might be insured.

The deaths of the week include: Brig.-Gen. Andrew S. Burt, January 12; Earl of Feversham, Gaston Armand de Caillavet, January 13; Judge James S. Martin, January 14; Lieut.-Col. R. Foster Walton, Vice-Admiral Sir George S. Nares, Major Zachary Taylor Wood, Col. Charles Hobart Clark, January 15; Lieut.-Gen. Anatole Mikhailovitch Stoessel, John E. Parsons, Rear-Admiral Morris R. S. Mackenzie, January 16; Lamon V. Harkness, Lord Justice Sir William R. Kennedy, January 17; Brig.-Gen. Charles H. Tompkins, Col. John A. Joyce, January 18.

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The Week

Has not the time come to federate the American efforts to extend relief to the sufferers abroad? The newspapers are being swamped by the endless appeals for aid, and the public is rapidly becoming confused by the numbers of committees, societies, and organizations begging for funds. Plainly, there is lacking a strong central body to speak with authority to the country as a whole and to direct its benefactions. The Belgian Relief Committee is making such statements for its particular field, but who is there to tell us what is the exact extent of the needs in Galicia, in Polish Prussia and Russia, among the Jews in Palestine and the war-sufferers in France? It is already known that shipments made to France have sometimes been ill-directed and resulted in waste of time and effort. The establishment in Paris of an American Relief Clearing-House was, we understand, for the express purpose of bringing order out of chaos and avoiding duplication and delays. If that is worth doing there, it is surely much more worth while in this country, where there is danger of the stream of contributions drying up if there is not more scientific direction of it, and a much clearer and more authoritative statement of what is actually wanted.

Since the Red Cross is unavailable, because of its resolution to concern itself solely with the belligerents, why should there not be formed a representative national committee to cover the whole ground intelligently? It is obvious that we are in for a long period during which American benefactions must be sent abroad, because even if the war should end next summer, its appalling aftermath and the work of reconstruction will make an irresistible appeal. Such an organization could at once begin to check the present exaggerated impression of the total contributions received; it could by its unification of efforts for all the nationalities check any ill-feeling growing out of partisan competition between sympathizers. As the war drags on its weary course the first humanitarian impulse due to the sudden shock and horror of it all is bound to pass. What will be required then is unprejudiced, authoritative information as to each danger-spot, with prompt reports as to what has been accomplished. It will soon take scientific and careful labor by men versed in raising large sums for philanthropic purposes if the United States is to do its duty as nobly in the future as it has in the past. This central body should, of course, receive the fullest coöperation from the Government at Washington, which can aid particularly by using its own consular and diplomatic channels to obtain trustworthy information as to the need at any place. If it is to obtain this, and the coöperation of the existing relief agencies, the committee must naturally be such as to inspire confidence in its ability and non-partisanship.

The steamship Dacia, about which there are so many rumors, as regards the intentions of our Government and the British, is of no great consequence except as a test case may grow out of her purchase and change of registry and her sailing for a German or possibly some other foreign port. Indeed, it looks somewhat as if the sea-lawyers in both countries might welcome an early trying of the issues involved. In this instance, there appears to be no doubt that the ship was bought, actually and in good faith. The question must still remain whether the transfer of flag was made in order to avoid the consequences of war, and so was obnoxious to the Declaration of London and possibly to international law. An authoritative decision on this point is almost vital to the Ship-Purchase bill. It would never do for our Government to go ahead and buy lawsuits and international quarrels where it thought it was merely buying ships.

Senator Borah made a fetching speech against Mr. Wilson, last week, scoring his verbal points neatly, but is he not a little overdoing it when he asks his hearers to grieve with him at the spectacle of a President speaking as a partisan? Somehow, our Presidents belong to parties. Latterly, they have set up as party leaders. If Senator Borah should be elected President in 1916, he would so set himself up beyond any question. It might be true of him, as it has been of many Presidents—as it certainly was of Taft and Wilson—that the opening months of the term of office would be spoken of as an era of good feeling, with much emphasis on his being "President of the whole country." But all this could deceive nobody. All would understand that Presidents are party men, and are certain to do all they can to make their party successful. So it has been, so it is now, so it will be.

News of another President in Mexico has necessarily a sardonic cast. This one, too, is called "Provisional," like his two predecessors of the past few months. Known only as a revolutionary chief, and now put forward as the puppet of others, it cannot be said that there is in him any promise of stability or peace. His coming to ostensible and temporary power in the capital, while a large part of the country is contested for by the quarrelling insurgent Generals and their armies, will be received both in Mexico and here as but a further melancholy proof of a reversion to chaos in our neighbor republic. No cause, no principle, seems involved; only a wretched wrangle over who shall succeed to the military control of the Government. We must still hope that the mere instinct of self-preservation will induce the Mexicans to stand behind some man or faction that can at least restore order, and give the people a chance to earn their living. But at present all that can be said is that the sordid disputes among the leaders of the revolution are a great disappointment and a constant danger.

Commissioner-General Caminetti's glowing report on the possibilities of the tentative employment bureau which he has established under the Bureau of Immigration supplements President Wilson's statement at Indianapolis that 30,000 idle workmen have found jobs through the agency of postmasters. The Commissioner-General points out that correlated effort by the 17,000 representatives of the Interior, Agriculture, and Post Office Departments should make possible a new era in the intelligent distribution of unemployed citizens and newcomers. A small sum of money will put the Federal employment bureau on its feet. Congressional legislation is needed to do this and to harmonize the several Federal sub-departments which now have charge of the work. There is one reason why the legislation should be enacted this session, if possible, which has not been advanced at Washington. It is that a number of cities which have been preparing to set up machinery for municipal bureaus are likely to defer action until after the Government has established its system—the Mayor of Baltimore already having announced such an intention. As city agencies would not be superseded by, but would supplement, a Federal instrumentality, this may be largely mistaken.

The New York *Times* has published a conspectus of the official returns of last November's elections in all the States, together

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with corresponding figures for the Presidential election of 1912. Owing to the peculiar condition of party division, both now and two years ago, the figures furnish little basis for the ordinary kind of diagnosis and forecast; but they do present, of course, some highly significant aspects. These are not notably different from what was observed when the unofficial returns came straggling in, last November; but the impression is sharper with the whole before us. Most salient is the big decline of the Progressive vote, and the still bigger increase of the Republican vote; the total of the Democratic vote was almost exactly the same in 1914 as in 1912. But it is only when we go behind the totals that we get an exacter view of what happened. Thus the Progressive vote (in round numbers) fell from 4,100,000 to 1,900,000; but of the latter figure, more than 930,000 came from the three States of California, Illinois, and Pennsylvania, leaving less than 1,000,000 for all the rest of the country; while the Republican vote in the rest of the country was nearly 5,000,000—beating the Progressive in the ratio of five to one. Taking certain States in which the Progressive movement in 1912 was particularly aggressive, we find that the party's vote fell in Massachusetts from 140,000 to 30,000, in New York from 390,000 to 60,000, in Iowa from 162,000 to 15,000, in Maryland from 58,000 to less than 4,000. An observer would conclude that the Progressives have ceased to be a national party and come down to the status of a local phenomenon.

Will La Follette, having survived his Philadelphia speech, the Roosevelt-Progressive storm, and the McGovern defection, be reëlected to the Senate next year? It is at least possible. Analysis of the complete election returns puts a different face upon the political situation in Wisconsin from that given it by the first figures. It is true that an anti-La Follette Republican won the primary nomination for Governor and was elected in November. But the rest of the Republican ticket, with one exception, was made up of La Follette's supporters. The one exception was the Senatorial nomination, which was won by McGovern. But in November this was the only office that the Republicans failed to win. That is, all the La Follette candidates who won in the primary won in the election, and of the two anti-La Follette candidates that survived the primary, the only one of national reputation was defeated, and he was also the one who was strong with the Bull Moose voters in Wisconsin. Nevertheless, a straight-out test of relative popularity between La Follette and McGovern would be decidedly interesting.

The allegations of vote-buying in ex-Speaker Cannon's district shock us like the coming back of a form of barbarism that we had flattered ourselves we had outgrown. Coming upon the heels of the plea of guilty made by 81 of the 115 men indicted for conspiring to corrupt elections in Terre Haute, these new charges will be accepted by the mass of newspaper readers as credible. Cannon's plurality over his Democratic opponent last November was only 2,000 in a total vote of between 45,000 and 50,000. Twice 2,000 votes are alleged to have been bought. The investigation comes at just the right time, taken in connection with the revelations at Terre Haute, to show once more the beautifully non-partisan character of bribery. As if to make a formal demonstration of the fact, residents of Terre Haute, long available for use in Democratic corruption there, crossed the State line, it is now asserted, and assisted in Republican corruption in Illinois. Nothing like having veterans on both fronts. More serious than the charges of vote-buying is the statement that neither in Danville nor its neighboring county seat of Paris can relief from such conditions be obtained in the courts. Adams County, Ohio; Terre Haute, Ind.; Danville, Ill.; who would have believed that for long-continued and widespread political corruption, these thriving places in the Middle West would outdo our "un-American" cities of a million population?

When the new philosophy of Government, born of love of justice for all humanity, was promulgated, so brief a period ago, few believed its consummation possible. In a single Administration a marvellous change has been wrought, a change surpassing in the completeness of the metamorphosis of the Government what has been witnessed by any other commonwealth.

If these are high-sounding words, they may be depended upon absolutely, for they are the utterance of the man under whose leadership the "marvellous change" has been wrought. They are part of Gov. Johnson's Second Inaugural. To make the statement completely unassailable, he proceeds to give a list of the achievements that have put California ahead of the other forty-seven States. It is not for reactionary New York to venture a syllable of doubt as to the supremacy of California over everything east of the Mississippi, but even a backward commonwealth may, with all humility, ask enlightenment upon one point. For some years we were assured that the oriflamme of Wisconsin was the object upon which to fix our eyes and towards which to direct our steps. Then arose a rival in that region where rolls the Oregon, and now, to complete our confusion, we are told—and, as usual, upon the highest authority—that a new model has been made for us. Can these conflicting claims not be brought before the Supreme Court for amicable settlement?

One Governor has apparently found a way to obtain economy without sacrificing needed undertakings. It is the new Executive of Kansas. In his first message, Mr. Capper recommends the abolition of overlapping offices and the consolidation of the functions of others. He points out that six State inspectors were in the same little town on the same day; that the present staff of the Agricultural College could perform the work of the State Board of Irrigation; that the Board of Control could take care of the duties of the Board of Corrections, and that county government can be reorganized to advantage. That he is not thinking merely of how to save money is shown by other recommendations, such as that for a Division of child hygiene and for vocational education, that would require new expenditures. The temper of his mind is shown most clearly in what he has to say about the merit system. He advocates the shortening of the ballot, but recognizes the resulting danger of a concentration of responsibility. How shall this danger be avoided? His answer is, "by strengthening the merit system and extending it to all branches of State and county government." Then follow these frank sentences:

> We now have a civil-service law applying to a few State institutions; but the weakness of this law is apparent when we see how recklessly it has been disregarded and violated. We will never attain an efficient nor economic government until offices large and small are removed from the hands of spoilsmen. I urge the enacting of a civil-service law so explicit and so strong that no partisan official will dare evade it, basing all rewards, promotion, and salaries solely on merit, on loyalty, and industry in the public service.

Department of State please copy.

Four human beings were done to death last week without process of law. An entire family—father, son, and two daughters—were hanged and their bodies riddled with bullets. They were not Belgian *francs tireurs* caught in the act. They were not East

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Prussian spies who met retribution at the hands of the Cossacks. They were negroes arrested for resisting an officer of the law and assaulting him, and lodged in the jail at Monticello, Ga. They were taken from the jail by a mob and "Strung up":

> Barber's daughters were hanged first. The son came third and Barber last. His body was left hanging, the three other bodies being piled just beneath his feet.

Thus the passion of mob murder extends its sway over the "manhood" of the South. From punishment for the "unspeakable crime," mob murder has long passed into punishment for negro crime in general. From punishment for crime it is passing into punishment for any infraction of the law. From vengeance on supposed enemies of society it has now come to the hanging of women. Further than this it cannot go, unless it takes to stringing up negro school children. And there are people who would have our Government protest against the "atrocities" in Europe!

History is a twice-told tale, and the London of 1729 and the Rev. Mr. Henley touches hands with the Philadelphia of 1915 and the Rev. Mr. Sunday. A contemporary of the irregularly frocked Anglican, drawn to Clare Market Oratory by his prodigious fame, describes him as entering behind the pulpit like a harlequin, and "at one large leap jumping into it and falling to work." "His notions the orator beat into the audience with hands, arms, legs, and head, as if people's understandings were to be courted and knocked down with blows." Like Mr. Sunday, Henley bade defiance to regular churchly methods; "if any bishop, clergyman, or other subject of his Majesty" could equal the results of his variety and performance, he would quit. His "bobs at the times" was a happy title for the sort of fulmination at the theatre, card-parties, and fashions which still survives:

> On Wednesday the oration will be on the skits of the fashions, or a live gallery of family pictures in all ages; ruffs, muffs, puffs manifold; shoes, two-shoes, slip-shoes, clocks, pantofles, buskins, pantaloons, shoulder-knots, periwigs, head-dresses, farthingales, corkings, ruffles, round-robins, toilets, fans, patches; . . . fine ladies and pretty gentlewomen; being a general view of the *beau monde*, from before Noah's flood to the year 1729. On Friday will be something better.

Such methods and the response to them are not peculiar to our time and country. But can Mr. Sunday, who will find portraits of Henley in Pope and in Leigh Hunt's "The Town," defend himself from the charge of imitation?

The foundation by Charles R. Crane of a professorship in Slavic and Slav institutions at the University of Chicago is hailed by the *Dial* as betokening "a revived interest in Russian language and literature." It is at least an index of a strengthening of university appreciation. Harvard has for some years offered eight courses in Russian and Polish under Professor Wiener, with special attention to the nineteenth century. Michigan offers five courses of the same sort. The University of California does even better, with instruction in the general literature of Poland, Bohemia, Servia, and Bulgaria, as well as of Russia. Columbia University has courses in Russian grammar and literature, and in the spoken tongue. At the University of Wisconsin a movement was recently under way to introduce the study, but the 1913-1914 catalogue shows it still missing; while other colleges that might be expected to offer it—Pennsylvania, Johns Hopkins, Princeton—have not yet done so. At Chicago, the new instructor is to be Mr. Samuel Northrup Harper, son of the late president, who has been lecturer in the School of Russian Studies at Liverpool University.

In the daily "Commerce Reports" there is an item on the new Australian customs tariff. It is not in itself of thrilling interest, but it should serve as a reminder of the long-standing cruelty of British policy in the strangling of German trade. It appears that the changes made have been in the direction of "increased protection for Australian industries, especially where this could be accomplished without vitally affecting the revenue"; but that is not the point. "Another pronounced feature," we are told, "is the increased measure of preference granted to the products of the United Kingdom." And when we are informed that this new preference takes a number of articles off the free list, and makes them dutiable at the exorbitant and crushing rate of "five or ten per cent. ad valorem, except when originating in the United Kingdom," the cup of our indignation overflows. What, actually discriminate by five or ten per cent. against Germany on goods hitherto free? Must not Germany break through this iron ring, or die?

So inevitably does every European event assume meaning in relation to the great war, that the first thought with regard to the calamity which has befallen the Italian people takes the form of a question what the effect will be, if any, on Italy's neutral position. One obvious deduction is that problems arising out of the great destruction of life and property will strengthen the position of the powerful element in government circles which is opposed to entrance into the war. Relief work in the stricken regions will be necessary on a scale comparable with that at Messina, and there is no urgent case to justify a government in spending on war the resources that might go to the rebuilding of the ruined Apennine towns. After Messina generous aid came to the sufferers from every part of the world. The neutral nations to-day have other urgent claims on their charity and will hardly be moved to give help if the Italian Government shows that it has other concerns at heart than succor for the sufferers by the earthquake.

It will be hard to convince the world that the Austrian Foreign Minister resigns at this time merely for "important personal reasons." Count Berchtold is the man formally and officially responsible for the note to Servia, which directly led to the war. His retirement now, after the untold miseries that his action helped to bring upon his country, has therefore a dramatic significance which no official explanation can dull. Coupled as his resignation is with the announcement that a prominent Hungarian has been chosen to succeed him, the event will be everywhere taken as a sign of great dissatisfaction in the Dual Monarchy, particularly in Hungary. As the ostensible author of the note to Servia, and the man in charge of the Austrian diplomatic negotiations which grew out of it, Count Berchtold was guilty either of an enormous and inexcusable blunder or of a terrible public crime. Extracts from the Servian Blue Book have been published in the Paris *Débats*, which go to show that the Austrian Foreign Minister was dominated in the whole affair by Germany. The dispatches which the Servian Minister in Vienna, Jovan Jovanovich, sent to Belgrade dwelt repeatedly upon the activity in the Servian complication of the German Ambassador to Austria, Von Tchirsky. M. Jovanovich roundly asserted that the German Ambassador "collaborated" in writing the note to Servia. This remains to be proved; but there is no doubt that Von Tchirsky fell in enthusiastically with Count Berchtold's view that the Austrian war on Servia would be only a gay "punitive expedition," and that, if Russia threatened to intervene, she would be frightened off again by Germany. Never was there a more fearful miscalculation. The memory of it cannot fail to haunt Count Berchtold in his retirement.

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THE PRINCE OF JOB-HUNTERS.

The shocking letter by Secretary Bryan, put in evidence in the Santo Domingo inquiry, was really a by-product of that investigation. What is being looked into, at the President's direction, is the doings of Minister Sullivan. He has been charged with grave improprieties and derelictions. When he was appointed there was much lifting of eyebrows at the choice of a man with such a record for such a post. The position was one of the few reserved by long custom for colored men, but the Department of State explained that it wanted a man of special competence to deal with the delicate and complex questions arising in the Dominican Republic. This was felt at the time to be a pretence. Sullivan's selection and his career in Santo Domingo make it a plain sham and fraud. And the unblushing way in which Mr. Bryan at once appealed to Mr. Vick, the new American Receiver of Dominican Customs, to let him know how many "deserving Democrats," at what salaries, could be foisted upon the Dominican service, shows what was the chief thing in *his* mind.

This letter is probably the most disgraceful thing ever written by any American Secretary of State. The trail of the spoilsman is over it all. Note the date, August 20, 1913. At that time many critical matters were pressing upon the attention of the State Department. The Mexican volcano was rumbling towards explosion. Yet the Secretary of State, his ante-rooms and corridors stuffed as they were for weeks with political dependents of his clamoring for jobs, was giving his thought to offices, and began looking around in helpless Santo Domingo to find "suitable rewards" for those who had done party work for him. Such a letter on official State Department paper! Rummage the archives from the beginning, and you will find nothing so unworthy, so humiliating, so near an approach to the infinitely mean.

What makes the affair peculiarly contemptible is the fact that Mr. Bryan was trying to get jobs for his friends in a service which the United States had undertaken as a solemn trust. On that subject no one had made finer flourishes than Mr. Bryan himself. We were to prove the "disinterested" friendship of this nation. We were to remove suspicion by setting our face like a flint against anything that looked like exploitation or self-seeking. And after all these noble words, this indecent request: "Let me know what positions you have at your disposal"! The former Receiver of Dominican Customs has put in evidence what were his instructions from a former Secretary of State. Mr. Root enjoined the Receiver that his work was essentially that of a trustee. He was to consider himself as an administrator of trust funds. As a matter of fact, until the advent of Mr. Bryan in the State Department, there was no hint that politics had been allowed to sway the Dominican service discharged by us. Certainly there were no such scandals as have ever since been crawling to the surface. But why talk of scandals among subordinates when the chief scandal of all has been brought directly home to the Secretary of State?

We know of no defence of Mr. Bryan in this matter which will not heighten his offence. It may be said that he was not aware that he was doing anything to be ashamed of. He never did take any interest in civil-service reform. The whole-hog principle always seemed about right to him. It was good Nebraska fashion to peddle out all available offices to one's friends. Nobody had so many needy friends as Mr. Bryan when he went to Washington. They were fairly encamped about him. Their pleading eyes looked up to him to be fed. How could he resist the appeals of his old campaigners who sat three in a chair in front of his door? And if jobs were to be had in Santo Domingo, why not go straight after them? Grant all this. Admit that Mr. Bryan wrote the letter without one twinge. What does that prove? What, but that the Secretary of State is so dense where he ought to be delicate, so callous where he ought to be sensitive, that he does things to shock the general sense of propriety and of morals without the glimmer of an idea that he is giving offence? Than this no severer condemnation could be passed upon a public man. We saw a revelation of such dull apprehension, on Mr. Bryan's part, when he went off Chautauqua-circuiting for money, and fell into a rage when he found that the mass of the people either made fun of him or denounced him for making rags of the dignity of his office. That was bad enough, but his spoils-grabbing letter is worse. It is worse in itself, and it is worse as revealing the kind of appalling unconsciousness with which Mr. Bryan does discreditable things. Those who, in their admirable simplicity, do God's will and know it not, are the subject of high praise by the poet. But what is to be said of those who do the will of the wicked, and know it not? This at least may be said, that they will be regarded by intelligent Americans as having committed the unforgivable political sin, and to be unfit to represent them in high office. It is a calm judgment that Mr. Bryan has exhausted his usefulness to the Administration, and is now a burden upon it. President Wilson must be wishing that the Secretary would write another letter—one containing his resignation.

"TEAM-WORK."

"If a man will not play in the team," said President Wilson in his Jackson Day speech, "then he does not belong to the team. You see, I have spent a large part of my life in college, and I know what a team means when I see it; and I know what the captain of a team must have if he is going to win." This is the form into which, in keeping with the tone of much of his talk on that occasion, the President cast his idea of party leadership and party responsibility. But we suspect that it was something very different from football that was the real cause of his saying that the team-work idea is no idle figure with him. He has given a great deal more attention to the principles and the structure of government than he has ever paid to college athletics; and it has been evident in a variety of ways, ever since his entry into active politics, that the notions of executive responsibility and party leadership which have been so conspicuous in his theoretical discussions of political science were no less prominent in his plans and aspirations as an actual leader. He gave notice of this in his campaign for the Governorship of New Jersey. He acted upon it in some very striking ways at Trenton. And when he went to Washington, the smoothness and success with which he put into practice a course of policy based upon those notions, while due in part to the possession of extraordinary personal qualities, would have been impossible without that sureness of touch which springs from definite principles of action long familiar in idea.

Senator Borah, seizing upon a certain sentence in Mr. Wilson's speech, affected to regard his position as indistinguishable from that of a boss like Taggart in Indiana or Murphy in New York. We do not believe that the President would in cold blood stand by the extreme language of that particular sentence; which would make the breaking of party solidarity "for any purpose or from any motive" ground for bitter condemnation. But the sentence quoted at the beginning of this article is, we believe, a deliberate expres-

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sion of the President's permanent state of mind; and it is so because it is bound up with an ideal of our political structure towards the realization of which Mr. Wilson seems to be constantly endeavoring to contribute to the utmost of his opportunities. He desires, so far as it is possible under the Constitution, to coördinate legislative and executive activities as they are coördinated under the British system.

In that system, the highest executive official is, at the same time, the acknowledged head of the majority party and the acknowledged arbiter of legislative policy. The machinery through which all this is effected is the machinery of the "team"; so far as the Ministry is concerned, team-work is required to be perfect; and in the body of the party, under ordinary circumstances, there is a close approximation to such perfection. The inefficiency and cross-purposes to which the conduct of affairs in our own country is subject, owing to the absence of any such unification of the executive and legislative powers, have always gone against the grain with Mr. Wilson. "In England," he says, for instance, in his book on "The State," "we have complete leadership in legislation entrusted to the Ministers, and to complete leadership is added complete responsibility. . . . Under our own system we have isolation *plus* irresponsibility—isolation and *therefore* irresponsibility." In italicizing the word "therefore," Mr. Wilson indicates plainly enough his own preference. In a score of ways he has shown, as President, the desire to establish with Congress a relation somewhat approximating to that of the Prime Minister of England with Parliament. It is not a far-fetched conjecture that even his adoption of the method of personal address, instead of written message, for communicating with Congress, has been a manifestation of this same general purpose. And it is an interesting coincidence that on the very day on which Mr. Borah was attacking the Indianapolis speech in the Senate, a member of the House took occasion to inquire of the Speaker whether it would be proper to put questions to the President upon the occasions of his addressing Congress. The Speaker replied in the affirmative.

But it is one thing to explain the President's demand for "team-work"; another to justify it. That it is justified within certain wide limits, no sensible man will deny. A party in possession of the Presidency and both houses of Congress is responsible for the whole administrative and legislative policy of the country; and it cannot live up to this responsibility without essential unity of action in a wide range of subjects. But to demand such unity without limitation—to demand it even on all subjects of high importance, whether or not they form part of the recognized party programme—is utterly unjustifiable under our system of government. The fact that President and Congress are chosen for fixed terms makes a vital difference in this matter. Even in England, limits to party solidarity exist. And in our country to demand party solidarity under Presidential leadership, on every important question, would be tantamount to an unreserved grant of power to the President to settle every issue arising during the four years of his term, or at least so long as his party retained possession of Congress. Of course, Mr. Wilson does not contemplate any such thing as this, in practice. The President necessarily has to shape his course so as to retain the fealty of a group of influential leaders; but even to such a group, with the President at its centre, it would be obviously unwholesome to grant the tremendous power that the doctrine of team-work, in its extreme form, would confer. Nor is this a merely theoretical objection. It requires but a slight glance at our political history to show how large a part of what has been best in the record of Congress has been due to the breaking of party bonds by able and independent Senators and Representatives, when vital issues have been at stake.

LONG-TIME "EMERGENCIES."

Though the Shipping bill seems to be on a sand-bar in the Senate, it is announced that the President is still firmly for it. There is a hint that he may even call an extra session of Congress to pass it, if it fails this session; but that he would really do so is highly improbable. Secretary McAdoo made himself the Administration spokesman for the bill in Chicago, last Saturday week. He called it a measure to meet a "critical emergency," in the only way in which it could be met. Some people had objected that the necessary ships could not be purchased. The Secretary countered on this by saying that they could be built, and that the Shipping Board, of which he would be *ex-officio* a member, would "give large orders" to the shipyards, so as to "encourage" them. This was so clean, if unconscious, a going over to the theory of ship-subsidies that we do not wonder that it emboldened Senator Gallinger and other Republicans to introduce straight-out subsidy bills.

The main point, however, is that on the face of it Mr. McAdoo's plan for swift dealing with an emergency involves a delay of from one to two years. To pass the bill, to organize the shipping corporation—above all, to find the people who will take the 49 per cent. of its stock which the Government is not to subscribe for—to decide on the kind of liners to be constructed by the "large orders" to the shipyards, would surely mean the lapse of a year and a half before the new Government ships would be at the service of American exporters. But, by that time, who can say that the added ships would be needed? The "emergency" might have disappeared entirely.

The moral of not applying jerky and impetuous methods to conditions which require long and careful study and sustained effort is not limited to the shipping business. There are other "emergencies" created by the war which, as various people are sorrowfully finding out, cannot be met by off-hand devices. Both in this country and in England the breaking out of the war disclosed the fact that several manufactures depended largely upon importations from Germany. Those must, it was said, be at once produced at home. There was also the great chance which was thought to be offered to go out and capture the foreign markets from which German trade was temporarily excluded. In both directions, something has been done. Domestic substitutes for certain German exports have been found. And it is no doubt the case that American and English manufacturers have been able to supply to outside markets a portion of the goods which had been furnished by Germany. But in the largest way, and in the long run, it is being discovered that the big problem remains very much what it was before the war came to set it in a fresh light. The really important "emergencies" confronting us are very long-time. They were in existence before 1914, and will still be with us in 1920.

We have previously alluded to German dyestuffs and chemicals. They were under discussion again at the Philadelphia meeting of the Association for the Advancement of Science, and an address made there by Dr. William H. Nichols is printed in the last number of *Science*. He went over the familiar ground, but with several fresh illustrations. Why has not the American chemist stepped forward to supply the textile and other industries with colors? The question itself, affirms Dr. Nichols, shows a failure to understand the "size and complexity" of the subject. Germany has virtually *created* the business. She has done it by putting brains and capital into it for years. "When

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the rest of the world finally woke up to the value of what the Germans had accomplished, they became very busy making excuses and explaining instead of making a determined, direct, united, and effective attempt to recover the ground so lost." To do so now will require a lot of time and labor and capital.

This same point is made for English manufacturers by Prof. W. J. Ashley, formerly of Harvard. In an address at Birmingham, afterwards printed in the "Oxford Pamphlets," he discussed the economic aspects of the war. One of these was the attempt, of which we do not hear so much now as we did a few weeks ago, to "capture German trade." On this point, Professor Ashley warned his hearers that it was not a question of a war-cry or an anti-German propaganda, but of showing to English manufacturers how they could make money. And he gave it as his mature opinion that manufacturers are not going to install an expensive plant in order to invade German trade, "unless they have a reasonable prospect of working it long enough to get back what they invested, with profit."

This applies to ships as truly as to chemicals, to America as well as to England. The emergency caused by the sweeping of the German merchant marine from the sea, and the dislocation of German foreign trade, can be dealt with effectively only by plans looking and reaching far ahead. These will undoubtedly be made if the war is greatly prolonged. Incidentally, this is a reason why Germany should seek to make it short.

THE ARMAMENT FLURRY IN CONGRESS.

Congress is not far enough along in the session to make it possible to summarize the bills and resolutions for increasing our army and navy, or bearing on their preparedness for service, which have been introduced as a result of the European war. Primarily, there is no separate legislation for the navy; all the proposals relating thereto are embodied in the annual appropriation bill, which, as reported to the House on Saturday, calls for the record-breaking expenditure of $148,589,786.88. This exceeds the total amount expended during the war year of 1898 by nearly $200,000, and it is also remarkable because it grants $8,500,000 more than the Navy Department asked for, thus reversing the usual procedure. It calls for two battleships, seventeen submarines, six destroyers, one fuel-oil ship, and one transport and one hospital ship, which will cost, together, $53,168,883. As is the custom, only $22,903,998 of this has been appropriated; the other $30,000,000 becomes a liability upon the next Congress. Otherwise this bill would carry the enormous sum of $178,000,000. It now includes a million dollars for aviation work for the navy, which is to be expended by the Department without restriction, as heretofore; establishes a naval reserve, abolishes the "plucking" board, and creates a board of strategy which is to be a general staff for the navy.

The Army Appropriation bill was reported to the House on December 29, and was devoid of unusual features, except an appropriation of $50,000 for armored motor cars. It calls for an expenditure of $101,114,588.23, which is three millions of dollars less than the estimates of the War Department and $130,000 more than was voted last year. Special army legislation is, however, embodied in a group of bills of which six have been drawn by the Secretary of War. They are now pending before the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, which has granted several hearings, but has not yet acted upon them or on Senator Chamberlain's proposal for a "Council of National Defence." Of Mr. Garrison's six bills, one calls for the increase of the Signal Corps, which does the aviation work of the army, by one colonel, four majors, fifteen captains, and nine first lieutenants; a second creates an army transportation reserve corps, while a third increases the Coast Artillery by twelve colonels, twelve lieutenant-colonels, forty majors, 174 captains, 187 first lieutenants, and 187 second lieutenants, and by 10,288 non-commissioned officers and men, the increase to be spread over a period of five years.

Mr. Garrison's fourth measure establishes a reserve corps of officers and provides for paying for camps of instruction for college students out of militia appropriations. His fifth proposal is that the army be recruited to its maximum strength, instead of being limited to one hundred thousand men, and that an additional thousand officers be provided, although there will be no troops for them to command. They are to be used presumably as additional instructors for militia, schoolboys, etc., and on detached service of various kinds. The Secretary's last bill calls for a reserve for the army to be created by enlisting all applicants for six years, of which three are to be spent with regiments or batteries, and three in the reserve. The effort here is to duplicate the British army reserve; and it is to be the duty of all postmasters to help the War Department to keep track of the reservists in their towns and villages. To this list any soldier may be transferred if after twelve months of service he is deemed ready to drop out of the active force. All enlistments which are binding on the outbreak of the war, or when war is imminent, are thereby extended for one year.

There is very little prospect that any of this special legislation will pass at this session of Congress unless in the form of riders to other measures. It is gratifying to note that in the main our lawmakers have not been affected by the hysteria for armaments prevailing in certain quarters. There are some proposals in the Navy bill, however, that call for the fullest discussion and attention before being enacted into laws. Thus, in our judgment, there should be no appropriation for battleships until the lessons from the war are fully learned, and the proposed Strategy Board should be safeguarded by civilian control lest it become a dangerous body, and make its chief function, like that of the existing General Board, a persistent propaganda for increased armaments. In this direction the army General Staff also leans. A bill that should be promptly frowned upon is one from Congressman McKellar providing for the establishment of a military academy in every State and Territory. There is, moreover, no visible reason why the large increase in officers and men for the army should be voted. If we are going to compete with the European militarists, they are not enough by hundreds of thousands.

MUCKRAKING THE FATHERS.

Radical thought some time ago came into possession of a new pocket-knife. It is called "the economic interpretation of history," and the havoc it has wrought among fine old parlor furniture is a caution. There is a document known as the United States Constitution which people were in the habit of referring to with extreme deference. We know to-day that the Constitution is a scheme devised by a land-holding and rum-selling oligarchy for the enslavement of a democracy. There was a group of people and an epoch commonly described as the Fathers. We know to-day that they were not parents to be proud of. There was a war known as the War of Independence, reputed to have been fought by patriots. We know to-day that it was a war fought for privilege by tax-dodgers. George Washington, a land-speculator; Hancock, a smuggler; Robert Morris, a

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bond-scalper—it has been a busy little pocket-knife.

But the parallel with the small boy is not perfect. The small boy chips and slashes without animus, whereas radical thought and radical youth hack away at the past in a frenzy. Once upon a time the radical thinker was not much concerned with the past; it was dead and did not matter. But in fighting the battles of the present the Radical discovers that the past does matter; it is not dead; its heavy hand lies on us and the roots of our thoughts and actions run back through the centuries. The Fathers in their graves stand in the way of a great many desirable things of the present. Therefore they must be shown up. The movement once under way, impetus does the rest. There ensues a chronic state of irritation with the past, a chronic suspicion that the past was just the opposite of what patriotic sentiment has usually pictured.

Because the school histories still do honor to the minute-men of the Revolution, and because the minute-man ideal is in the way of "war-preparedness," radical thought must destroy the minute-man. It does so in easy fashion:

> Let us examine the historical truth that underlies this myth. What, as a matter of fact, were the minute-men of the Revolution? They had had no military drill, and no practice excepting in shooting Indians and small game. They went down to defeat after defeat, they were chronically under-supplied with ammunition, they were hardly more than an armed rabble, until men like Lafayette and De Kalb took them in hand. They came well within the definition of snipers and *francs tireurs*. A modern army of invasion would give short shrift to such roadside amateurs. All that has been forgotten.

Since most of this is untrue, it is on the whole fortunate that all of it has been forgotten. Put aside the absurd assumption that any one nowadays advocates the defence of this country by snipers against a modern army. Consider only the details of the indictment. Observe how the Radical temperament, setting out to hew away the sentiment and myth of the past with the sharp blade of Fact, has gradually worked itself into such a passion of hatred as to attack the Facts of the past with the tin blade of sentiment. The writer of the lines we have quoted is plainly opposed to the glorification of the past. Wherefore the minute-man, being of the past, is a fraud. It is not true that the American armies went down to defeat after defeat until they had been drilled on the European model. The American farmer, with his flintlock, did his full share at Saratoga, and the American backwoodsman won the battle of King's Mountain, the one battle decisive of the entire war, the other of high importance in wrecking the British campaign in the South.

It is true, of course, that Washington in a moment of profound discouragement spoke of his men as a rabble. It is true that there were faction and insubordination in his army. It is true that the national idea was weak, and that each colony rose to its duty only when its own soil was invaded. The men of 1776 were not demi-gods or saints, but only a very heavy rush to the head of economic interpretation of history will make out the men of 1776 as a mob. After all, this rabble kept on fighting for three years before France came to their aid and Steuben's organizing work began to show results. If American minute-men of to-day could hold off an invading army for three years, the case for the minute-man would be made out. Or was it British weakness rather than American prowess that kept the war going? Possibly; the British army was a regular, modern army. It was precisely at Valley Forge that Steuben declared that no European army could have been kept together a week under similar conditions.

The muckraking of the minute-man is but an index of the new tendency to despiritualize the past, to take the soul out of history. It cannot be done. Taken in part, any heroic period may be muckraked. The American minute-men may have been a rabble, or Washington may have been a land-speculator, or Robert Morris a money-broker. But it is unimaginable that a rabble led by a land-speculator and financed by a usurer could win a war and lay the foundations of a nation. If the Americans at Valley Forge were a mob, then Washington must have been a demi-god. If Washington was a plain, shrewd squire, then the men under him must have been of god-like stuff.

It is all the more curious that the present-day revolutionist should be so merciless to the past when one considers how fatally the same interpretation can be applied to his own case. If the American Revolution was fought for land-grabbing and crooked finance, if the Protestant Revolution was merely an expropriation of the Church, if the French Revolution was an assault on ecclesiastical revenues, what will prevent the historian of the year 2050 from describing the social uplift movement of 1915 as primarily engineered by young men and young women of the middle classes in search of jobs as investigators and research directors, and the Socialist party as made up of lazy factory hands, grafting walking delegates, and ambitious lawyers?

Chronicle of the War

The interminable trench warfare in northern France was relieved last week by a battle of more considerable proportions than any that have taken place since the desperate German attacks on Ypres during the first two weeks of November. Following the German retreat from the Marne to the Aisne in September, it will be remembered that the British forces were able to establish themselves in certain positions on the north bank of the Aisne, to the northeast of Soissons. When subsequently they were transferred to Flanders their place was taken by French troops, and at this point of the line, despite the obvious tactical perils for the advanced posts of the Allies, with a river in their rear, the deadlock has continued, except for a German advance at Vailly in October. Two weeks ago, however, we began to read of the resumption of a vigorous offensive by the French which carried them along the three northern roads that meet at Soissons, to Cuffie, to Crouy, and to Missy-sur-Aisne. The advance even penetrated as far as Vregny, five miles to the northeast of Soissons.

That this movement represented a serious effort to break the German line at its centre, and at the point nearest to Paris (for Soissons is distant only sixty-five miles by rail from the capital), is hardly to be credited. The German intrenchments here, since they have been longest occupied, are presumably stronger than any along the entire line, and it is obvious that Gen. Joffre has not as yet the reinforcements at his disposal that would be required for such a movement. We must regard the French offensive here as a diversion designed to relieve pressure on other parts of the line and to afford a respite to troops which have had hard and continuous fighting on the wings. To that extent it may be said to have been successful, although the price paid has been a severe one, involving a retreat across the Aisne and the abandonment of virtually all of the positions gained on the north bank of the river, with the exception of certain bridge-heads. No chances could be taken by the Germans in the case of an attack in some force on the centre of their line, and they obviously brought up strong reinforcements for its protection. The result of a week's fighting along a front of some five miles was a definite defeat for the French troops, who lost rather heavily in prisoners and guns, and the reoccupation by the Germans of all the positions on the northern bank which had previously been won for them. Elsewhere along the front in France and Flanders no changes of importance have taken place.

On the eastern front a development which promises to be of some interest is under way in northern Poland. There a Russian army —of what size we have no means of telling, but certainly not the 800,000 men that unofficial reports from Petrograd have mentioned—has advanced on the right bank of the lower Vistula along the Skrwa and the Wkra Rivers to Sierpc and Radzanow. The object of this movement is not yet clear, but it is possibly intended to create a diversion that would weaken the German line in East Prussia and facilitate the progress of the Russian troops in the region of the Mazurian Lakes.

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South of the Vistula the deadlock has been maintained, despite determined efforts by the Germans in the region of Bolimow. Further south still a German offensive appears to have been undertaken on the Czenstochowo-Kielce line, and the latter town, according to unofficial reports from Petrograd, has been abandoned for strategical reasons, the Russians having fallen back on Radom. In west Galicia the fighting has been confined to artillery duels on the Dunajec River, the Austrians having directed their fire on Tarnow. In Bukowina the road to Transylvania has been further cleared by the Russian capture of the Kirlibaba Pass on the Transylvanian frontier.

In the Caucasus the Russians have followed up their victory which we recorded last week by a further defeat inflicted on the remnants of the two beaten army corps which retreated to the frontier from Sarykamysch, and the Eleventh Army Corps which came from Erzerum to their support at Kara-Urgan. The complete failure of the Turkish operations in the Caucasus is due, partly, no doubt, to the usual defects in Ottoman organization, but more especially to the failure of the Goeben and Breslau to control the communications of the army with the Black Sea.

Foreign Correspondence

A FINANCIAL FORECAST ON THE WAR —A CONVERTED PRIZEFIGHTER— A CHANGED FRANCE—LORD HUGH CECIL'S SCRUPLES.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

WESTMINSTER, January 1.

A statesman whose long connection with the British Treasury made him intimately acquainted with the financial position and resources of other countries tells me he does not believe war with Germany will extend beyond midsummer day. This conclusion is not based upon military or naval considerations. It is simply the result of a sum, elaborately worked out, which proves, to his satisfaction, that Germany's cash and credit resources combined will not suffice to meet the colossal expenses of the war beyond a further period of six months. The population is already taxed to the uttermost farthing. Steady decreases of trade consequent on the blocking of German ports makes the burden heavier with each succeeding month. As for credit, none is forthcoming beyond the borders of the Fatherland.

There are, it is true, exceptional cash supplies which will enable the Kaiser to carry on the struggle for a week or two. He has himself a private fortune of some millions, and there is also in hand a considerable sum set aside from the tribute exacted from France at the close of the war of 1870, and earmarked for use upon the inevitable renewal of the struggle for supremacy. At best, these form meagre provision to meet the daily drain of expenditure by armies numbered by the million men. On reflection, I think there will be perceptible a gleam of hope in the view of the situation characteristically taken by a financial expert.

An unknown reader of this correspondence has conferred upon me (through the post) the Order of the Iron Cross. In size, shape, and weight, it is an exact replica of the bit of metal for possession of which hundreds of thousands of gallant German soldiers, greatly daring, have died. There is, however, a significant difference between the original and the latest issue. On three limbs of the cross a word is stamped front and back, the lower limb bearing the date 1914. The words run thus: Rheims, Louvain, Amiens, Antwerp, Dinant, Ghent. Here is the history of five months of war stamped with words of new, but imperishable, memories. It is only a cheap toy. But it would be difficult to present in six words a tale of greater tragedy.

References of the Kaiser, less frequent of late, to the Almighty, supply a curious example of heredity. Those old enough to remember the war of 1870 will recall the habit of the first Emperor William, then King of Prussia, when telegraphing to his Consort, Queen Augusta, reports of successes in the field against the French. The habit was noted in satirical verse that had much vogue at the time. The concluding couplet ran:

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
> Ten thousand Frenchmen sent below.

Parody on the familiar hymnal line has by reason of ease of accomplishment been tempting in other connections. While Queen Victoria was still on the throne, there was with us a famous ex-champion of England known in the prize ring as Bendigo. Growing age and infirmity compelling his retirement from active pursuit of his noble profession, he looked about for some means of earning a livelihood. As a first essay he took to politics —that is to say, for a consideration, he, at Parliamentary elections, directed the proceedings of the "lambs" in his native town of Nottingham. Later he found salvation, and being taken up by an enterprising missioner, filled some chapels and his own pocket by holding forth at revivals.

At the outset of his new career, Bendigo's enthusiasm, misdirected, led to some embarrassment. Taken by his sponsor to a meeting where atheistical doctrines were propounded, he asked, "Who's them chaps on the platform?" "Infidels," was the reply. "What's that?" queried Bendigo. "Why, fellows as don't believe in God or the devil." "Then come along and we'll soon clear the platform," said the old warrior, beginning to strip. At the meeting where I made the personal acquaintance of the renowned "Converted Prizefighter," the Doxology was sung at the time the collection plate went round. In stentorian voice the missioner led, singing with a variation that greatly delighted the congregation:

> Praise God from whom all blessings flow.
> Praise him for Brother Bendigo.

In the Diary of Sir John Lubbock, of whose life I lately wrote, there is an entry of special interest at the present crisis. Visiting Paris in 1894 Lubbock recalls, under date of February 7, a long talk with Bartelmy de St. Hilaire. He thus summarizes the conversation of the statesman who was Foreign Minister under President Thiers: "France very corrupt politically; literature very immoral; bankruptcy inevitable; passion so roused that war is certain; perhaps all Europe to be dominated by Russia." He spoke of England with great admiration: "Her conduct in India unique in history; quite marvellous; France ought to ally herself with us. The despondent statesman has not lived to see the great revolution, social, political, and military, that has raised France to the magnificent position she occupies to-day among nations of the world. His yearning for an alliance between France and England has been fully realized, with Russia a valued friend instead of a dreaded enemy.

Sir John Lubbock, one of the busiest men of his long day, was also one of the kindest-hearted, always ready to sacrifice his own ease and comfort in order to serve a friend. I recall an incident chiefly interesting since it illustrates a peculiarity in the character of another eminent parliamentarian. When, ten years ago, I went on an extensive lecturing tour in the principal towns of Great Britain, one of my engagements was fixed at Greenwich. From among the multitude of friends in both Houses of Parliament I was usually able to obtain the advantage of the presence in the chair of the sitting Member for the borough, or a Peer connected with the county in which the town was situated. I wrote to ask Lord Hugh Cecil, then Member for Greenwich, if he would honor me by taking the chair at the lecture. He promptly replied assenting in almost effusively cordial terms.

Within a week of the appointed date I received another and longer letter expressing his profound regret that, having just learned that the lecture was to be delivered in a hall connected with a nonconformist chapel, he must withdraw his promise to preside over the gathering. When Naaman, Captain of the Host of the King of Syria, found salvation in the waters of Jordan, he stipulated with the prophet Elijah that when his master went to worship and leaned upon his trusty servant's hand, he might bow himself in the house of Rimmon. Lord Hugh Cecil would have none such paltering with his allegiance to the church. He would not go so near acknowledgment of the existence of a nonconformist place of worship as to enter an adjoining hall. In this dilemma I turned to Lubbock, who, getting out of another engagement, went down to Greenwich, contributing the better part of the evening's entertainment by delivery of a charming presidential address.

Poetry

TO FRANCE.

Cupbearer of the nations, whose hand knows
  To rear the grape and bid to live again
  Thy sun's clear smile—and thine—beyond the main,
In the bright cup where France, resurgent, glows
On wastes untilled and sad Canadian snows:
Thou tread'st a fierier must in hourly pain,
  Dark-tinged, life-shedding and life-giving rain,
Which to far realms and still-hid centuries flows.
Chaliced in song and tale, those drops shall shine,
  To enkindle prowess, manhood, liberty,
To bid souls dare and suffer and resign;
  The heroic, high elixir wells from thee:
  On the grim trench, far-sunk from Alp to sea.
Cupbearer of the nations, pour thy wine!

O. W. FIRKINS.

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A Philosopher Among the Wits

PART I:—THE NEWLY PUBLISHED LETTERS OF BISHOP BERKELEY—ADDITIONAL KNOWLEDGE OF HIS LIFE IN THE CIRCLE OF SWIFT AND POPE—HIS TRAVELS AND PROJECTS.

The beauty and charm of Bishop Berkeley's character have, in a way, been well known. But withal our acquaintance with the genial philosopher was not as close as we should have desired it to be. Fraser's biography, an excellent piece of work, had to depend largely on the letters to a lifelong friend, which deal for the most part with what may be called the machinery of life. We are peculiarly grateful, therefore, for Mr. Rand's new volume,* which contains the correspondence between Berkeley and Sir John Percival, afterwards first Earl of Egmont, extending, with some gaps, from the year 1709 to 1742. The letters are not all that we might expect; but they correct a number of minor errors in the traditional life of Berkeley and enlarge our knowledge of him in an agreeable manner. Nor are they without occasional entertainment. They show, for instance, that he had the economical habit of repeating his good things, and that he practiced another sort of economy in adapting his style to his hearer. The most romantic letter of the collection, written from Ischia, closes a glowing description of the island with this amusing turn:

As riches and honours have no footing here, the people are unacquainted with the vices that attend them, but in lieu thereof they have got an ugly habit of murdering one another for trifles.

That was language good enough for a lord, but when the story was to be dressed up a couple of months later for a great wit like Mr. Pope, this is how the letter runs:

The inhabitants of this delicious isle, as they are without riches and honours, so are they without the follies and vices that attend them; and were they but as much strangers to revenge as they are to avarice and ambition, they might in fact answer the poetical notions of the golden age. But they have got, as an alloy to their happiness, an ill habit of murdering one another on slight offences.

Thus do evil communications corrupt! Nevertheless, and despite this frowning example, the most interesting of the letters to Percival are those in which Berkeley tells of his intercourse with the wits. If he was not quite, as his wife said of him after his death, "the greatest wit of his age," he was great enough as a pure writer of literature to stand as an equal in that brave and close-knit society of which Pope and Swift were the acknowledged masters.

I.

Berkeley's introduction to that society took place in 1713, on his coming over to London at the age of twenty-seven, and owed its rapid growth to his reputation as a writer and to his force of character. Though of English descent, he was, like Swift, born in Ireland. His early education was obtained at the Duke of Ormonde's excellent school in Kilkenny. In 1700 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he was to remain, as student, fellow, lecturer, and tutor, for thirteen years. He was in these days, if we may believe one or two anecdotes, marked by some eccentricity of manner, much given, certainly, to introspection, and very early conscious of his life mission. In the volume of the Letters and Unpublished Writings Mr. Fraser has printed the Commonplace Book, in which, some time about his twenty-first year, he jotted down notes of his occasional thoughts—surely one of the most interesting and most extraordinary philosophical documents in existence. Among the first entries are these statements:

I know there is a mighty sect of men will oppose me, but yet I may expect to be supported by those whose minds are not so far overgrown with madness. These are far the greatest part of mankind—especially Moralists, Divines, Politicians; in a word, all but Mathematicians and Natural Philosophers (I mean only the hypothetical gentlemen). Experimental philosophers have nothing whereat to be offended in me.

Newton begs his principles; I demonstrate mine.

To any one at that time who knew the position of Newton in the intellectual life of England and the world, and considered the isolation of a youth of twenty in Dublin, such words, if they had fallen under his observation, must have seemed the ravings of impertinent folly. They were nothing of that. They were the self-assurance of a genius, who, in the solitude of his chamber, was meditating a "New Principle," which, apparently springing almost full-fledged from his brain, was to effect a revolution in philosophy.

His first attempt on the world, "An Essay Towards a New Theory of Vision," was deliberately cautious and preparatory. It was followed in a year by the "Treatise Concerning the Principles of Human Knowledge," dedicated, no doubt for a purpose, to the same Lord Pembroke to whom Locke had addressed his "Essay." The issue was now declared, and in what language!—

Some truths there are so near and obvious to the mind that a man need only open his eyes to see them. Such I take this important one to be, to wit, that all the choir of heaven and furniture of the earth in a word, all those bodies which compose the mighty frame of the world, have not any subsistence without a mind; that their *being* is to be perceived or known; that, consequently, so long as they are not actually perceived by me, or do not exist in my mind, or that of any other created spirit, they must either have no existence at all, or else subsist in the mind of some eternal spirit.

Copies of his book Berkeley sent to various scholars, among others to Samuel Clarke, the most eminent theologian of the day, and to Whiston, the successor of Newton at Cambridge. It was largely ignored, and sometimes ridiculed. Evidently something was yet to be done to force attention and to rectify misapprehension, and Berkeley set about writing his "Dialogues Between Hylas and Philonous," in which, if ever anywhere since Plato taught in the Academy, the sibyl of metaphysics and the muse of literature kissed.

II.

With the manuscript of the Dialogues he came over to London, and the letter to Percival, reporting his voyage, dated January 26, 1713, contains this exciting statement:

The first news I heard upon coming to town was that Mr. Steele did me the honour to desire to be acquainted with me; upon which I have been to see him. He is confined with the gout, and is, as I am informed, writing a play since he gave over the *Spectators*. This gentleman is extremely civil and obliging, and I propose no small satisfaction on the conversation of him and his ingenious friends, which as an encouragement he tells me are to be met with at his house.

Somebody, it appears, had given Steele a copy of the "Principles," and that, says Berkeley, was "the ground of his inclination to my acquaintance." There is a doubtful tradition that Berkeley "never spoke or thought highly of Steele's ability"; certainly in these early letters praise of all sorts abounds. He admires the elegance of Steele's house in Bloomsbury Square, finds his conversation "very cheerful" and abounding "with wit and good sense," and thinks it a sufficient recompense for the pains of writing his "Principles" that it gave him "some share in the friendship of so worthy a man." Steele was about to start the *Guardian*, and to this Berkeley contributed fourteen papers.

Among the "ingenious friends" was Addison, whom Berkeley no doubt met in Bloomsbury Square. The inevitable comparison is made. "Wit," he thinks, "natural good sense, generous sentiments, and enterprising genius, with a peculiar delicacy and easiness of writing, seem those qualities which distinguish Mr. Steele. Mr. Addison has the same talents in a high degree, and is likewise a great philosopher, having applied himself to speculative studies more than any of the wits that I know." Perhaps not many of us who profess criticism to-day would call Addison exactly a "great philosopher," and some who think they are critics have got in a way of lauding Steele generally at the expense of his more famous friend; but Berkeley really ought to have known a philosopher, and his proportioning of praise will bring comfort to those who may still think of Steele and Addison about as Thackeray did.

'Tis pleasant, too, to see these Whiggish sons of Belial paying court to so stanch a Tory; for Berkeley was high enough in that faith to drink the health of Dr. Sacheverell, though he kept himself out of the backward-facing files of the Non-Jurors by

**Berkeley and Percival.* By Benjamin Rand. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. (Cambridge University Press.)

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declaring he could discover no difference between a king *de jure* and a king *de facto*. He had, indeed, come to town at a strange moment, when the wits were making a pretence of political good feeling. And so, while he is breakfasting with Swift one morning in March—one of the "rabble of Irish parsons drinking my chocolate," I fear Swift thought him—who should come in but Mr. Addison; and "the good temper he showed was construed by me," says Berkeley, "as a sign of an approaching coalition of parties." That was rather innocent, in view of what was soon to happen. Yet there were other signs of reconciliation, and Berkeley was again present at one of the most famous of these scenes. A fortnight or so after Swift's breakfast there was a more startling conjunction of planets, when Addison's glorification of Whiggism in "Cato" was acted, with a prologue by Pope, who, as he said, "was clapped into a stanch Whig, sore against his will, at almost every two lines." Was the writer of the prologue repeating, a little ruefully, one of the playwright's sly jests made at his expense? If so, Berkeley, too, must have heard it, being one of the party on that memorable night, and recalled it when he sent his next letter to Percival:

> On Tuesday last Mr. Addison's play entitled "Cato" was acted the first time. I am informed the front boxes were all bespoke for nine days, a fortnight before the play was acted. I was present with Mr. Addison, and two or three more friends in a side box, where we had a table and two or three flasks of burgundy and champagne, with which the author (who is a very sober man) thought it necessary to support his spirits in the concern he was then under; and indeed it was a pleasant refreshment to us all between the acts. He has performed a very difficult task with great success, having introduced the noblest ideas of virtue and religion upon the stage with the greatest applause, and in the fullest audience that ever was known. The actors were at the expense of new habits, which were very magnificent, and Mr. Addison takes no part of the profit, which will be very great, to himself. Some parts of the prologue, which were written by Mr. Pope, a Tory and even a Papist, were hissed, being thought to favor [query, savor?] of whiggism, but the clap got much the hiss.

These are charming episodes of peace; but if Berkeley really thought that "wit is of no party," as he wrote on Swift's death, that savage partisan could have told him a different story. The fact is, one ingredient was wanting to Berkeley as a wit—the tincture of malice. He said and wrote no evil of any of these men, whether Whig or Tory, and we believe that in his benign presence the tongue of slander and the insinuating smile were silenced. The world he lived in, as was proper for one of his philosophy, was the world created by his own mind—a region of calm thoughts and fair benevolence. And so of all his comradeships one likes best to think of him with Dr. Arbuthnot, the genial Scotsman, whose name comes to us out of that age with the same sweetness and the same general approbation. "This day I din at Dr. Arbuthnot's lodging in the Queen's palace"—what would we not give for a full report of that dinner, and to know how these two gentlemen from Ireland and Scotland talked about the new and scandal-making idealism. "This Dr. Arbuthnot," Berkeley adds, "is the first proselyte I have made by the Treatise I came over to print, which will soon be published. His wit you have an instance of in his 'Art of Political Lying,' and the tracts of 'John Bull' of which he is the author. He is the Queen's domestic physician, and in great esteem with the whole court. Nor is he less valuable for his learning, being a great philosopher, and reckoned among the first mathematicians of the age. Besides which he has likewise the character of very uncommon virtue and probity."

III.

That is about all we hear of Berkeley among the wits, and most of this is in the correspondence with Percival during the nine or ten months he was in London before his travels. At the solicitation of Swift he was now appointed chaplain to Lord Peterborough, sent as Ambassador Extraordinary to Sicily for the coronation of the King; and again he was abroad as tutor to the son of another friend of Swift's, St. George Ashe, Bishop of Clogher. Altogether he was on the Continent from 1713 to 1721, with an interval of two years at home. He was an observant and intelligent traveller, but his foreign correspondence contains little of personal interest. His first letter, from Paris, tells of dining with Matthew Prior, whom he describes as "a man of good sense and learning," living "magnificently as becomes the Queen's Plenipotentiary." The same letter gives also a hint of a more significant meeting. "To-day," he writes, "he [the Abbé d'Aubigné] is to introduce me to Father Malebranche, a famous philosopher in this city." Now, though fundamentally different, there were so many superficial points of resemblance between the Berkeleian idealism and that of Malebranche that Berkeley, to his utter indignation, had been accused of borrowing his system from the Frenchman and his English disciple, John Norris. An account, therefore, of this meeting in Paris might have been of great interest, and even of historical value, but of what passed between the two rivals Berkeley tells not a word, nor is there any mention in his correspondence of a second visit. What shall we say, then, of the amusing story told by Bishop Stock, the early biographer of Berkeley?—

> Having now more leisure than when he first passed through that city, he took care to pay his respects to his illustrious rival in metaphysical sagacity. He found the ingenious Father in a cell, cooking, in a small pipkin, a medicine for a disorder with which he was then troubled—an inflammation on the lungs. The conversation naturally turned on Berkeley's system, of which he had received some knowledge from a translation just published. But the issue of the debate proved tragical to poor Malebranche. In the heat of the disputation, he raised his voice so high, and gave way so freely to the natural impetuosity of a man of parts and a Frenchman, that he brought on himself a violent increase of his disorder, which carried him off a few days after.

There is something so picturesque and piquant in this altercation between the two great idealists of the age that one hates to reject the anecdote as apocryphal, but, unfortunately, the date of Malebranche's demise is October 13, 1715, and it seems pretty clear from the letters to Percival that Berkeley was in London through all the later months of that year. Accordingly, Mr. Rand, as a ruthless servant of research, throws the story out, crop and root. But, after all, Stock was an intimate friend of the family, and we shall continue to believe that he reports the confused reminiscence of an earlier meeting, perhaps that of 1713, for which he invents the tragical conclusion. That would correspond with the ways of metaphysicians and of biographers: it is not said that Berkeley raised his voice.

Of Berkeley's life during the nine years succeeding his European travels, only two events need here be noted. In 1723 Hester Vanhomrigh, Swift's Vanessa, died, and Berkeley, to his great surprise, found himself co-heir and executor to a woman with whom he had never exchanged a single word. She had suddenly altered her will to the disadvantage of the Dean after the quarrel over Stella, and thus once again, this time involuntarily, Swift was the benefactor of his Irish friend. The next year Berkeley was named Dean of Derry, "the best deanery in this kingdom," supposed to be worth £1,500 per annum.

IV.

With these two accretions to his fortune Berkeley felt himself in a position to press forward a scheme which was very much on his mind. In a letter to Percival, dated March 4, 1723, giving, so far as we know, the first intimation of the great romantic project of his life, he writes: "It is now about ten months since I have determined with myself to spend the residue of my days in the Island of Bermuda." And in another letter of later date we find him sending, to the same person, a copy of the famous verses which hitherto we had supposed the product of his retirement in Rhode Island. The last four lines, which are among the most hackneyed quotations in the language, ought to be transcribed here in their primitive form:

> Westward the course of Empire takes its way,
> The four first acts already past,
> A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
> The world's great effort is the last.

With this project fermenting in his breast, he crossed over to London from Ireland in 1724, carrying a whimsical letter of recommendation from Swift to Lord Carteret—from Swift, again standing behind him like a beneficent shadow, the last man in the world to be taken in by these dreams of natural innocence. At first everything seemed to fall his way. He succeeded in raising considerable private subscriptions, and Par-

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liament voted him a grant of £20,000. Accordingly, in high hopes, with a newly wedded wife and several friends, he set sail, September 4, 1728, to follow his westward star. They made land at a Virginia port, and from there sailed to Newport, R. I., where his arrival was thus noted in the *New England Weekly Journal:* "He is a gentleman of middle stature, of an agreeable, pleasant and erect aspect. He was ushered into town with a great number of gentlemen, to whom he behaved himself after a very complaisant manner. 'Tis said he purposes to tarry herewith with his family about three months."

Instead of three months, Berkeley remained in Rhode Island for some three years, residing for a time with the rector of Trinity Church in Newport, and then buying an estate in a valley about three miles out of town and building for himself a house which, in good Tory spirit, he named Whitehall. The scheme languished. Parliament, under the close fist of Walpole, refused the promised grant of money; partisans grew cold; possibly even Berkeley himself began to see the incongruities of the project. Mr. Rand prints a letter from William Byrd, of Virginia, to Percival, quite the wittiest piece of writing in the volume, which in a few pungent sentences says everything that common-sense could say:

> I may venture to say so much to your Lordship, that the Dean is as much a Don Quixote in zeal, as that renowned knight was in chivalry. . . . When this college is built, where will the Dean find Indians to be converted? There are no Indians at Bermudas, nor within two hundred leagues of it upon the continent, and it will need the gift of miracles to persuade them to leave their country and venture themselves upon the great ocean, on the temptation of being converted.

Berkeley, it must be said, was merely the victim of dreams common to the age. Not so many years before his voyage Mrs. Aphra Behn had charmed the cynical ears of Charles II with her tale of "Oroonoko," in which the Indians represented "an absolute idea of the first state of innocence, before man knew how to sin"; and the island,

> Where Ariel has warbled and Waller has strayed,

had peculiar claims on the imagination of a romantic knight errant—

> Heaven sure has kept this spot of earth uncursed,
> To show how all things were created first.

But if Berkeley accomplished little in America, yet for himself the three years of his stay were not lost. Few things are pleasanter in the history of Letters than the memory of Berkeley meditating on the applications of his divine system in the studious retirement of his valley home, and in the rocky alcove overlooking the sea which tradition still holds sacred to his name. Here his thoughts turned to the tide of deism and atheism which was spreading over England, and to a less extent over this country; and here he composed the seven dialogues of his "Alciphron," in a more popular vein than his earlier works, and with a more practical intention. They are, Fraser observes, with some pardonable exaggeration, "redolent of the fragrance of rural nature in Rhode Island"; preserving in their introductory paragraphs the very scenes amid which they were written. They open with a reference to the miscarriage of Berkeley's great scheme and its compensations of leisure, "in this distant retreat, far beyond the verge of that great whirlpool of business, faction, and pleasure, which is called the world." Then follows the setting of the first conversation:

> After dinner we took our walk to Crito's, which lay through half a dozen pleasant fields planted round with plane trees, that are very common in this part of the country. We walked under the delicious shade of these trees for about an hour before we came to Crito's house, which stands in the middle of a small park, beautified with two fine groves of oak and walnut, and a winding stream of sweet and clear water. We met a servant at the door with a small basket of fruit which he was carrying into a grove, where he said his master was with the two strangers. We found them all three sitting under a shade.

This, according to Fraser, reproduces the situation of Whitehall. The second dialogue carries us to Berkeley's alcove in the rocks:

> Next morning, Alciphron and Lysicles said the weather was so fine they had a mind to spend the day abroad, and take a cold dinner under a shade in some pleasant part of the country. Whereupon, after breakfast, we went down to a beach about half a mile off; where we walked on the smooth sand, with the ocean on one hand, and on the other wild broken rocks, intermixed with shady trees and springs of water, till the sun began to be uneasy. We then withdrew into a hollow glade, between two rocks.

V.

And so Berkeley returned from his wild chase after what Swift had called "life academico-philosophical." His first care in London was to get his "Alciphron" published. Presently honor and retirement came to him together. In January of 1734 he "kissed their Majesty's hands for the Bishopric of Cloyne," and in that remote spot, more secluded from the world than his American Whitehall, he lived in study and benevolence almost until his death. The chief literary production of these years was that strange mixture of quackery and Platonism called "Siris," which, starting from the uses of tar-water as a supposed panacea for all bodily ailments, passes to a consideration of the vital spirit of the universe, and from that to a mysticism quite different from anything in his earlier books. The Platonism of the book was not much regarded, but tar-water became the popular nostrum of the day, and over its efficacy there grew up a pamphlet warfare which threatened to rival the Bangorian controversy in volume. "May I trouble you to get a little six-penny pamphlet, published by the Bishop of Cloyne, with farther and fuller directions how to make and take tar-water?"—so Lady Hervey writes to a friend from Ickworth-Park in August of 1744, and any one who knows that dearest and loveliest lady of the age will bear a grudge against the Bishop for dosing her with his nauseous drug.

Two letters written from Cloyne stand out from all Berkeley's correspondence for their literary flavor, and give a hint of what may have been lost. One of these is the last letter that is preserved from his pen, a deeper expression of the feeling that had led him to describe his retreat in Rhode Island as lying beyond the verge of the great whirlpool:

> . . . For my own part, I submit to years and infirmities. My views in this world are mean and narrow: it is a thing in which I have small share, and which ought to give me small concern. I abhor business, and especially to have to do with great persons and great affairs, which I leave to such as you who delight in them and are fit for them. The evening of life I choose to pass in a quiet retreat. Ambitious projects, intrigues, and quarrels of statesmen, are things I have formerly been amused with; but they now seem to be a vain, fugitive dream. . . .

Only a few months after the date of this letter the writer had set out to fulfil what had been one of the dreams of his life—to enjoy the still air and studious associations of Oxford. It was but for a little while. The family reached Oxford in the early autumn of 1752. They took a house in Holywell Street, near the gardens of New College, and there on the evening of January 14, 1753, he died, in great peace, a man much loved and honored.

P. E. M.

Book Notes and Byways

SHAKESPEARE'S ANTHROPOPHAGI.

THE SOURCE OF THE "TRAVEL'S HISTORY" OF OTHELLO.

Ever since scholarly comment on Shakespeare began, those who know the poet's manner of composition best have been confident that there must be a definite source for Othello's outline of his "travel's history":

> Wherein of Antars vast, and Desarts idle,
> Rough Quarries, Rocks, and Hills whose heads touch heaven,
> It was my hint to speake. Such was my Processe,
> And of the Canibals that each other eate,
> The Anthropophagie, and men whose heads
> Do grow beneath their shoulders.
> (Othello, I, iii, 140-145.)

Theobald, in 1733, first drew attention to the subject. He was sure that it was with the explorations of the Elizabethan age, especially with Sir Walter Raleigh's voyage to Guiana, that the imagination of the poet was filled when he composed the passage. In his note he cites a passage from Sir Walter's "Discoverie of Guiana," in which it is affirmed that the inhabitants declared cannibals and men with mouths in their breasts to occupy the land on the west of Guiana. Sir Walter refers to Mandeville; and Theobald quotes from Olearius to explain the origin of the tale of the men with heads below their shoulders.

No addition to Theobald's learning was made until 1865, when Staunton called attention to the presence of some of the wonders in Pliny's Natural History, Book VII, chapter 8. But

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even now most commentators are satisfied with Sir Walter Raleigh's narrative as the main direct source, referring to Mandeville and Olearius. Furness believes that Pliny's wonders were too extraordinary and too thick-sown for Shakespeare to have chosen from them a comparatively mild marvel like men with heads in their bosoms, and calls attention to the context in Raleigh referring to digging out gems with the finger-nails and with daggers—"rough quarrying certainly."

It was with a shock of surprise and something very like alarm that while reading in the British Museum (*floreat, crescat, esto perpetua!*) last summer, for an object not in the least connected with Othello, I came upon a passage which seemed out of question to be the immediate source of the speech. It was hard to believe that any one should have the luck fortuitously to add a concrete fact to Shakespearean learning in a field so long and so minutely scanned, and even to increase Shakespeare's library by a volume. But the relation between the two passages appears indubitable, and in a review of all the commentaries accessible to me I have met with no reference to the source.

It is Pliny, but Pliny at second-hand. A French scholar, Pierre de Changy, wrote a summary of Pliny's Natural History, first published at Lyons in 1551, and later at Paris in 1559. A translation into English of de Changy's summary by a certain I. A. was published in 1565 or 1566; later editions in 1585 and 1587. Folios Biii *verso* and Biiii *recto* and *verso* of the first edition contain the following words:

Towards the west there is a people called *Arimaspi,* that hath but one eye in their foreheads, they are in the desert and wilde Countrey. The people called *Agriphagi,* liue with the flesh of Panthers and Lyons; and the people called *Anthropomphagi* which we call *Canibals,* liue with humaine fleshe. The *Cinamolgi,* their heades are almost lyke to the heades of Dogges. *Affrica* aunciently called *Libia,* doeth containe the *Moores,* and the pillers of *Hercules,* (among the floudes) there is *Onylus* that doth ingender Cocodrils. There are goodlye Forrests with vnknowen trees, some of the which trees beare small threades, of the which is made clothing of cotton. Cyrenes and Syrtes, make their houses of salt stones cut out of the mountaines, there is the mountaine of *Giry,* the which doth ingender and bring forth many precious stones. In *Libie* which is at the end of the *Ethiopes,* there are people, differing from the common order of others, they haue among them no names, and they curse the Sunne for his great heate, by the which they are all black sauing their teeth, and a little the palme of their handes, and they neuer dreame. The others called *Troglodites* haue caues and holes in the grounde, & haue no other houses. Others called *Gramantes,* they make no mariages, but all women are comon. *Gamphasantes* they go all naked. *Blemmyis* is a people so called, they haue no heades, but haue their mouth and their eyes in their breastes.

Here, within the space of two pages, is everything whereof it was Othello's "hint to speak." *Antars vast* are the "caves and holes in the ground" of the Troglodytes; *desarts idle* "the desert and wild country" of the Arimaspi; *rough quarries* and *rocks* are suggested by the "houses of salt stones cut out of the mountains" by the Cyrenes and Syrtes; *hills* by these "mountains" and the "mountains of Giry." The cannibals are called by both their Greek and their modern names, and their habits are described; and the Blemyis "that have no heads, but their mouth and their eyes in their breasts" are the men whose heads

De grow beneath their shoulders.

Nothing is omitted but the loftiness of the hills, "whose heads touch heaven." And even this omission is but natural. The region named—though the geography extends further—is Africa, which "doth contain the Moors"—Othello's own country; and the hills whose heads touch heaven, as Shakespeare's Ovid would suggest, are the summits of Mount Atlas itself, bearer of the skies, the loftiest mountain in the land of the Moor, Othello.

Various discrepancies prove that I. A. could not have used the 1559 edition of de Changy. This edition, made by Blaise, the son of Pierre de Changy, after his father's death, omits the original preface, and greatly condenses among other passages the particular one in question. It was unfortunate that I could not have access to the earlier edition.

As for the editions of I. A.'s version, Miss Palmer (List of English Editions and Translations of Greek and Latin Classics printed before 1641, Bibliographical Society, 1911), tells us that the second edition is the first slightly abridged. The abridgment consists in the omission of the preface and de Changy's dedicatory epistle, and of the last leaf, the sentence cut off being completed by a new ending. Since there was room for the original completion on the page, it would seem that the copy used by the compositor lacked the leaf. All editions contain the passage discussed.

I. A.'s preface, "The Translator to the Reader," is of interest: "Forasmuch (gentle Reader) as the works of God are maruelous, not onelye in vs his creatures, whom he hath fashioned and formed like to his similitude, but also in others, as beasts, foules, fishes, trees, plantes, & such like, whose miraculous works, although vnto us some things seeme vncredible; yet if we did consider ye omnipotencie of God, vnto whom nothing is vnpossible, doubtlesse we should not runne into so many dangers of sinne as we daily do. And therefore I thought good somwhat to profite my countrey, with that small talent that God hath lent me, in translating out of French, into our English tongue, parte of the Secretes of that notable Historiographer Plinie abstracted out of the sixtene first bookes of his natural history wherin is contained wonderfull & straunge things (vnto vs) of the diuersitie of countreyes, the commodities thereof, wyth the most monstrous, & uggly shape of men inhabiting the said countreys, which though it seeme vnto vs as fables & lyes, yet (as I said before) nothing is impossible vnto god. For as his hands hath made all things, yea and strange things, which vnto vs is wel knowen: so can he also make forraine thinges, which vnto vs are vnknowe. But least it shoulde seeme to the Reader that I shoulde affirme that which I doe not knowe, therefore I referre it vnto the learned reader, to this end that he may iudge the truth."

The words of I. A. suggest the elements in Pliny of which Shakespeare has selected vivid instances expressed in memorable words. His imagination, like Milton's, was fed with the marvels of Pliny's romantic geography; and Othello's Odyssey is to be added to the number of those passages in which the poet has drawn from the classics not wisdom or information, but a body of stimulating and marvellous associations.

H. B. Lathrop.

University of Wisconsin.

Correspondence

TRICKS OF NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the Amsterdam *Handelsblad* of Monday, November 16, there appeared the following editorial:

Nation after nation is being drawn into a struggle whose continuance can serve no ideal end, whilst it is slaying or destroying the noblest youthful powers of Europe and leaving only the names of some famous towns on the map. The sufferings of hundreds of thousands are becoming unbearable. Human woe is rising to heaven, witnessing against religion and civilization.

Is not the moment come to attempt to save what there is yet to save? Two countries are indicated for this task, the kingdom of the Netherlands and the Republic of the United States of North America. . . . And now is a favorable moment to offer their mediation. The Minister of the United States here is now on his way to Washington, where he enjoys the full confidence of the American Government. Our Queen is honored, is popular in America. Our Minister for Foreign Affairs is generally known and esteemed in the republic. Cannot both Governments now, under these favorable circumstances, together prepare for the task of offering their mediation? A like opportunity to that now offering will certainly not easily recur. A powerful word can be spoken, and it would prove to the great honor of our country if coming generations were able to testify that it was Holland's Queen who had had the high courage first to speak the word that showed the peoples of Europe the way to a lasting peace.

Perhaps such action may not immediately have the desired consequences, yet the proposal, which will certainly meet with warm approval in America, would bring thousands to consider the possibility of a solution. In God's holy name let something be done again to bring peace on earth. It is unbearable longer to look on inactive at the massacre of the flower of Europe's young manhood, of the hope of the future.

This editorial was apparently cabled to America, discussed by the American press, and answered by President Wilson with a statement of his own views. The correspondent of the London *Times* sent the news item of the President's answer to his paper, together with his own editorial comment. In this answer, which appeared in the *Times* for Thursday, November 19, the correspondent implies the existence of peace-intriguers, and expresses his opinion about American pacifists, "together with various hints from German intriguers, not altogether idle in neutral European countries."

The author of the editorial quoted above wishes to state most emphatically that he is not a German intriguer, has made or received no hints, and has not seen a German since the beginning of the war. The editorial was written because the author had seen this chemical war at first hand, and considered that any attempt to put a stop to indiscriminate murder would be welcomed by decent-thinking people as an honest effort to remove an unbearable situation.

The author of the editorial wishes to make this statement for the benefit of the American public. He does not make it for the benefit of the Washington correspondent of the London *Times.* To show one of Lord Northcliffe's employees the difference between the truth and the other thing would be as ungrateful a task as an attempt to explain

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the beauties of the rainbow to a deaf man who was color-blind.

DR. HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON.

The Hague, Holland, November 23, 1914.

CHRISTIAN IDEALS AND THE WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The attention of all who are engaged in private heart-searchings at the present time in America should be called to a new series of Papers for War Time, the first four numbers of which have just been put on sale in Oxford, bearing the following titles: "Christianity and War," by the Rev. W. Temple, M.A.; "Are We Worth Fighting For?" by the Rev. Richard Roberts; "The Woman's Part," by Mrs. Luke Paget; "Brothers All: The War and the Race Question," by Edwyn Bevan, M.A. A large number of other papers will follow at the rate of two each fortnight, and may be obtained from agencies of the Oxford University Press for twopence each. The explanatory note which prefaces each sixteen-page paper gives the best idea of the conception of this original and significant undertaking:

This series of papers embodies an attempt to reach by common thought, discussion, and prayer, a truer understanding of the meaning of Christianity and of the mission of the Church to the individual, to society, and to the world.

Those who are promoting the issue of these papers are drawn from different political parties and different Christian bodies. They believe that the truth they seek can be gained only by providing for a measure of diversity in expression. Therefore they do not accept responsibility for the opinions of any paper taken alone. But in spirit they are united, for they are one in the conviction that in Christ and in His Gospel lies the hope of redemption and health for society and for national life.

Those who are contributing to the series represent, then, different schools of thought and practice, but they are united in their purpose to find out where we are and what can be done. The papers will form the first definite attempt made by Christians to define personal duty under the present circumstances, and to consider the prospects for a better society in the future. However complacently we may be persuaded that the present war was inevitable, given the false civilization of the nations involved, there is one cry that is heard on all sides: "Never again!" Never again must such a tragedy be consummated. Never again must commercial jealousy and militarism and culture and smug Phariseeism be allowed to replace righteousness.

Consider the dilemma! Here are millions of people praying for success in a struggle conducted on lines contradictory at every point to the methods used and proved triumphant by Jesus of Nazareth. What are we going to do about the inconsistency? What is the individual going to do with his ideals when he comes up squarely against the present conditions? Shall we still believe in and work for the kingdom of God on earth, or shall we say with the disillusioned cynic, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church and regret that it does not exist"? These and analogous searching questions are discussed in a way that gives one much to think about. There is no British self-complacency or self-righteousness in these papers. All have sinned and come short. We must all cry "Peccavi, peccavi," and beat our breasts in penitence. But having done that, we must face the future with new resolves and new standards of honor and righteousness, both individual and national. We must cut down to the quick, through all the shams and frivolity of a generation given over to industrial panaceas and social fads and wanton extravagance. We must hew down to the line and see what faith there is left in spiritual values. If there is no faith in something better than the way we are now following, then let us jettison our cargo of creeds and professions and float on down our destiny with an easy conscience.

But here are people who believe there is a prospect of a fairer human society, built upon the practice of Christian teaching. It must result from the consecration of individuals in every nation who see the light and who will raise their people after them in its attainment. An international brotherhood, broader than the British Empire, stronger in its convictions than the German people, must be formed out of the present welter and strife. And each individual in this brotherhood will yet be truly patriotic, because his highest desire will be to pledge his life that his nation may be righteous.

In these papers conditions are faced as they exist; there is no side-stepping the thrust of conscience; nothing is taken for granted except the desire to do better next time. And there is immense hope in the present hour. There are many symptoms which augur a more spiritually minded world in the near future. Men are drawn together the world over in the bonds of pain and sorrow. Social caste, religious differences, political quarrels are wiped out. Men and women are praying on the battlefield and in the home when they had almost lost the habit. All the petty daily round of frivolity or money-getting seems trivial now. How can we conserve the seeds of sweet charity and piety now implanted until the day of their predestined fruition? These papers, regarding the present war as an accomplished fact, helpfully and hopefully discuss its eventual effects upon human society. It will be well if devout and responsible persons in all lands shall read them and ponder deeply the problems of personal duty. For no one pretends that the world will ever again be what it was before 1914.

W. W. COMFORT.

Oxford, November 5, 1914.

A REPLY TO MR. SCHUETZE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: My attention has been drawn to a long letter by Mr. Schuetze, of the University of Chicago, in your issue of December 3, in which he states that he finds in the files of the *Graphic* drawings "like these":

A German cavalryman, with a face like a devil, swinging by the leg an infant which he was about to impale on his lance; a German soldier, with features like a fiend, striding over a slaughtered infant and setting his foot upon the body of a murdered woman; and, again, a German soldier, designed partly as a wild boar and partly as a fiend, massacring women and children; and so on, until I could not endure any more.

On looking these drawings up, I find that No. 1 is an acknowledged reproduction from a cartoon in the Warsaw paper, *Mucha;* No. 2 is a cartoon by Mr. David Wilson, and No. 3 is apparently the picture of the Huns at Louvain, in the issue of September 19, which I enclose for your decision as to whether it depicts soldiers "massacring women and children."* Moreover, I have gone over our entire files since the beginning of the war, and I can find no further "so on" than these pictures.

I could traverse many other statements in the professor's letter, but I shall refer only to one, viz.: his definition of the hatred of "an honest enemy, however cruel, which yet acknowledges the gallantry, the uprightness, and the honor of its adversary." As an example of how the Germans have treated the English attitude to the sailors of the Emden and of the victims of Admiral Sturdee's strategy, I may cite Count von Reventlow's remarks, which, I think, completely turn the tables on Mr. Schuetze:

The "recognition" of the gallantry of our German sailors already expressed by the English newspapers we reject with the same disgust as we rejected English praise of the Emden. Let the English keep their "recognition" for home consumption. The German will have none of it. His sole thought is devoted, in increasing degree, to the wreaking of revenge, revenge by any and every means which can lead to victory.

No English paper that I know has produced a single hymn of hatred, for the simple reason that English people are not suffering from that attack of nerves which inspires those curses, and our papers have, I think, been very fair in face of the stream of contempt and hatred which we have aroused in the German imagination.

J. M. BULLOCH,
Editor of the *Graphic*.

London, December 30, 1914.

THE FUR SEAL LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Recent press dispatches have represented Secretary Redfield, of the Department of Commerce, as urging the need of a recharting of the waters of the North Pacific Ocean and Bering Sea. This is doubtless preliminary to asking Congress for appropriations to this end. In all probability the immediate cause is the loss, during the autumn, of the revenue cutter Tahoma, on an uncharted reef in these northern waters.

It may seem a far cry from ships to fur seals, but there is a connection. The waters of Bering Sea and the North Pacific are cruised in by seals as well as by patrol vessels. It is the duty of the patrol vessels to enforce the international regulations for the protection of the seals. The seals do not need the recharting, but the vessels do, and under normal conditions the seals would meet the expense.

The fur seals are under the immediate care of the Secretary of Commerce, and he administers the seal industry dependent upon them. In 1912 a law was enacted in Congress which suspended the normal operations of the industry for five years, with great curtailment of its product during nine further years. The income to the Government from fur sealskins in 1910 was $437,000, in 1911 $423,000. With the suspension of pelagic sealing, effected in 1911, this income should have made immediate and rapid increase. It was cut off by the law. Secretary Redfield was a Congressman from New York in 1912 and voted

*The picture referred to depicts Louvain in flames and the inhabitants apparently being driven out by German soldiers. There is in it no suggestion of massacre.—ED. THE NATION.

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for the law. As Secretary of Commerce it became his duty to enforce the law. At the same time he came into possession of ample evidence that the provision of the law which suspended land sealing was unnecessary, financially wasteful, and certain to do harm to the herd. He has, nevertheless, not asked for its revision or repeal, although it has caused the first two years of his administration of the fur seal industry to show a loss of approximately one million dollars.

GEORGE ARCHIBALD CLARK.

Palo Alto, Cal., December 5, 1914.

WORK OF THE DRAMA LEAGUE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to follow up Dr. Burton's excellent statement concerning the Drama League of America in the *Nation* of December 3 with a fuller explanation of the circuit work to which he referred.

Each feature of the League's activity has come into being in response to a demand created by previous work. Thus the reading and study of modern drama, together with the bulletin service, has created a demand in the smaller cities for better plays and better productions. This demand has become so urgent that the League has undertaken to send at least three plays a year to the "one-night stands." This is made practicable by utilizing the idea of the lecture lyceum, securing an advance sale for a series of plays to be selected by the National Playgoing Committee. With an advance sale of $500 assured them, the New York managers have been willing to book their first companies in such plays as have been chosen.

Among the plays to be sent over the League circuit this season are: George Arliss's company in "Disraeli," Margaret Anglin's company in "Lady Windermere's Fan," a special revival of "The Yellow Jacket," and some popular farce or comedy.

Probably the revival of "The Yellow Jacket" is the most ambitious undertaking of the League's history. Believing thoroughly in the merits of this play, not only as a literary masterpiece, but as entertainment of the rarest quality, the League has arranged with Charles Douville Coburn for a revival. Mr. Coburn has purchased the entire original production, and engaged a special company in which are several of the original cast. Rehearsals are now proceeding, with the cooperation of the authors. The tour will open March 1, and will extend from New York to North Dakota and Kansas, covering a period of two months. This tour is made possible by the work of the League in organizing audiences in each of the towns booked.

In closing I should like to correct Dr. Burton's statement to the effect that "the manager of the bulletined play regularly assumes the expense of circularization." The bulletins on plays are always issued at the League's expense, being part of the literature to which each member is entitled. On one or two occasions a manager has asked permission to reprint a bulletin to circulate among people who are not League members. At such times he has, of course, paid for the reprint and extra circulation.

The League is self-supporting, and refuses to put itself under any obligations to the managers, even going to the extent of purchasing the tickets used by the playgoing committees.

MARTYN JOHNSON,
Circuit Manager.

Chicago, December 22, 1914.

THE FRESHMAN DORMITORIES AT HARVARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your readers may be interested in an opinion of the freshman dormitory system by one of the present occupants. The system comprises three large halls, Smith, Gore, and Standish, each of which is divided into a number of sections with individual direct entries from the outside. Each one of these sections, or entries as they are called, contains on an average accommodations for twenty-eight men, but between these entries there are no connections. There are eighteen entries in all three dormitories, having a total capacity of 500 men. The suites run from single to five- and six-men rooms. Each includes a study with a fireplace, a varying number of bedrooms, and a well-equipped bathroom. Each dormitory has its own dining-room and its own common-room, and in all three buildings they are handsome and beautifully furnished. They form the centre of dormitory life, and are one of the most attractive features of the system.

The liberty given the men is practically complete. Each man is charged the weekly board rate of $5.25, regardless of whether he eats at the dormitories or not, but beyond this little or nothing is done to restrict his freedom. There are no regulations for the time lights must be out, nor is a man required to sleep in the buildings, or to eat at any specified hour, as the dining-rooms are open for an hour and a half each mealtime. It is thus clear that the objection that the system is being run on boarding-school methods cannot hold. No boarding school could live with so few regulations. As to the expense, the most a man can pay for a single room in the freshman halls is $425, and the least is $35 (which is always a room in a suite with five or six others). The general average for all rooms in Smith, for example, is about $145.

It is still early to state precisely whether the class or college spirit of 1918 is greater than ever before. Such a question is always debatable, and in this case supporters for both sides could doubtless be found. It seems to me, however, that the class of 1918 is more closely bound together as a unit, and that the real spirit is shown by a far greater percentage of the men than my limited knowledge of former classes would lead me to believe has been the case for many years. And there can be no doubt that this increase is due in a large measure to the dormitory system, for it is not reasonable to suppose that a class scattered all over a large area in many different buildings can possibly gain the unity and spirit found where the men live together. Athletics show the class spirit of '18, in that in every branch there have been more freshmen candidates than previously. There have been enough men to make up dormitory teams in every sport, and in the case of rowing three crews were formed for each building. There has not been so much interest in these inter-dormitory games as was hoped for, but I think that during the spring, when everybody becomes more familiar with conditions, greater enthusiasm will be shown. Chapel attendance by the freshmen has fallen off considerably, as has, also, the number of '18 men who have joined the Union. These two facts may be explained by the distance from the "dorms" to the yard, and the possession of a common-room by each freshman hall. It cannot be denied that the remoteness of the halls is a drawback, and this is being felt more now that winter is coming on. The common-rooms, however, make up in every other way for the number of fellows they deter from joining the Union. As a matter of fact, the class that is giving the Union the most trouble about sufficient membership this year is not the freshman, but one of the upper classes.

One of the chief reasons for the building of the freshman dormitories was the endeavor to obtain greater democracy. In my opinion, democracy in such a large institution as Harvard cannot be *made* by any action of the college authorities. Men come to Harvard from too many classes of society for that. Nevertheless, it does seem to me that certain measures, wisely directed, will *help* to obtain democracy, and of these the dormitory system is one of the most logical and reasonable that can be devised. A man in any one of the three halls, whether he have the most expensive or the cheapest room in the building, is on an absolute dead level with every one else. This is especially the case in the dining- and common-rooms, where I doubt if, under the existing circumstances, any snobbishness could possibly obtain a foothold. Cliques and snobbishness may develop as time goes on, but certainly every one starts off equally, and that, after all, is about all one can ask for. Democracy, then, is helped if not wholly obtained by the freshman dormitory system.

Another very important feature seems to be the ease with which men become acquainted. In such a large class this is always more or less of a problem, but I don't see how the dormitories can serve otherwise than as an aid to that most desirable object of making friends. In the first place, every one knows that every one else is, like himself, a freshman, and that all are on the same footing. This in itself is a big help, and further than that, the knowledge that the dining- and common-rooms are open to all, and as a matter of fact are used by practically all, brings fellows together and makes faces as well as *names familiar*. These are, however, only aids, and the rest devolves entirely upon the individual. Men may be helped towards making friends, and conditions may be made easier, but after all it is "up to" the man himself, and to him alone, whether his acquaintance be large or small.

The objection has been raised that the freshmen will not be thrown with upper classmen, and that the class of '18 will be separated and distinct from the others. This may be true, and if so, is one of the most serious and unfortunate aspects of the system. Certainly it requires an effort to meet the older men.

The last and greatest test of the system must of necessity come from the opinion of the men themselves. This is a very hard thing to state off-hand, but there can be no doubt that the system has, on the whole, met with the approval and in most cases the enthusiasm of the class body.

JAMES PALACHE, '18.

Cambridge, Mass., November 28, 1914.

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Literature

EUROPE'S REDRAWN MAP.

The New Map of Europe. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

Of the innumerable books which the present war has caused to be snatched damp from the presses this is one of the most satisfactory—which is not saying a great deal. The author for a dozen years has followed closely the affairs of the Near East, both as professor of history at Robert College in Constantinople and as a correspondent of the New York *Herald*. He dedicates his volume picturesquely to his three children, born, respectively, in Adana, Constantinople, and Paris, "in the midst of the wars and changes that this book describes." Being an American and a student of history, he tries to give an impartial statement of the complicated national aspirations and international policies which, by incessant friction, finally set going the present awful conflagration.

By "The New Map of Europe" the author means the changes in the map which have come about, chiefly in the last ten years, through the break-up of Persia, Morocco, and Turkey. There is no word of prophecy as to the probable map of Europe at the close of the present war. But he carries his story of international relations down to the entrance of England into the conflict, and mentions some matters which occurred as recently as last October. The author's fairness, his attitude of detachment, his selection of what is most interesting, his omission of complicated details, and his consequent clearness of treatment are some of the chief merits which distinguish this book in the midst of a sea of partisan pamphlets and pleadings. In saying this, however, we do not mean that there are not many passages, some too favorable to one side and some to the other, with which we should not agree.

The very simplicity of statement, however, which will commend this volume to the average reader as a convenient explanation of the European situation makes it disappointing to any one who has followed somewhat closely the trend of European politics. It is what an intelligent student might put together from the files of newspapers. It lacks the subtlety, the mature reflection, the keen insight, and the inside information which give such value and interest to the recent writings of such men as von Bülow, Tardieu, and W. M. Fullerton. To be sure, being in Constantinople during the first Balkan War and travelling through Macedonia and Albania during the second Balkan War, the author had an opportunity to talk with some of the personages who flitted across the scene, but he makes no important revelations. Just when one would like to have him clear up some obscure or disputed point, he slips over with a generalization to the next topic. Either his haste or his proofreader has served him an ill turn. Phrases borrowed from foreign languages are misspelled and proper names appear under two or three variant forms. To speak of Bismarck at the Congress of Berlin as an "honest courtier" (p. 26) instead of an "honest broker" is to miss the point entirely. Kirk-Kilisseh is not "some miles to the west of Adrianople" (p. 281). There are four very mediocre maps and no index. But in spite of these deficiencies, Mr. Gibbons's book is far above the average of its kind, and is happily almost free from the intense egotism and boastful anecdote which are usually so prominent in current history written by press correspondents.

Mr. Gibbons has many interesting views, a few of which there is space to mention, but not discuss. In the first chapter on Alsace-Lorraine he insists that Bismarck's great mistake was not so much in annexing the provinces as in failing, after annexation, to satisfy their democratic aspirations; if they had been erected into a self-governing and self-respecting state on an equal plane with the twenty-five federated states of the German Empire, they would have been contented and loyal, and ceased to be a danger-spot in Europe. Throughout the volume democracy is emphasized at the expense of nationalism:

> A sense of nationality and a desire for racial political unity are not the phenomena which have been the underlying causes of the evolution of Europe since the Congress of Vienna. In Italy, in Germany, in Poland, in Alsace-Lorraine, in Finland, among the various races of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the Balkan Peninsula, as well as in Turkey and Persia, the underlying causes of political agitation, of rebellions and revolutions, has been the desire to secure freedom from absolutism. Nationalism is simply the tangible outward manifestation of the growth of democracy. There are few national movements where separatism could not have been avoided by granting local self-government (p. 98).

Italy, he concedes, may properly aspire to the Trentino, but for her "to entertain the hope of taking and keeping Trieste would be folly" (p. 130). Russia, he thinks, still has a strong and dangerous ambition to acquire Constantinople, so that she may no longer be "bottled up" in the Black Sea. That Austria moved down into Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1878 he believes was due, not to Bismarck, but to the Hungarian statesman who signed the Convention of Reichstadt in 1876 (p. 144). Servia's responsibility, he thinks, was as great or greater than that of Bulgaria in bringing about the fatal war between the Balkan Allies which so tarnished the victories just won against the Turk and which led to the horrors of the second Balkan War (p. 347). For the follies of the diplomacy of the great Powers in their failure to act decisively in regard to Turkey Mr. Gibbons has unmeasured scorn. But for M. Venizelos he rightly expresses the very highest regard; he traces excellently this remarkable man's rise from Cretan revolutionary to Greek Premier, and explains how he accomplished the impossible in securing the alliance of the Christian Balkan States against Turkey: "No statesman since Bismarck has had so brilliant a triumph" (p. 231).

CURRENT FICTION.

Life in a Garrison Town: The Military Novel Suppressed by the German Government. By Lieut. Bilse. The authorized translation of "Aus einer kleinen Garnison," with a foreword by Theodore Dreiser, an introduction by Arnold White, and a summary of the court-martial. New York: John Lane Co.

We quote in full a title-page which, with all its prolixity, gives the current reader no inkling that the book was written and suppressed, and translated and introduced to English readers a decade ago, and that Mr. Dreiser's "Foreword" is the only new feature of a reprint. This is amusing, because the item of timeliness which must have influenced the publishers to issue the reprint is contemptuously waived by the forespeaker. In the original introduction, Mr. White, a British militarist, had made great play with the significance of the book as revealing the corruptness of the German army system. "A mere subaltern, this German David has laid violent hands on the Goliath of the army system as idolized by the German bureaucracy, womankind, and the press. The idol is found to have feet of clay. . . . He has blurted out the naked truth, with consequences it is impossible to foresee," etc. All this our German-American realist puts aside as of no moment. "The attempt to make it an anti-military and anti-German document is artistically unimportant. In my opinion, the thing that should be said of the book is that it is sound realism, and better than that, and, in my judgment, because of it, good art." From this text Mr. Dreiser proceeds to denounce with energy, and even with bitterness, all those "promoralistic" persons who (to put it in our own malicious way) prefer the odor of a flower to the odor of a sewer, or, to put it in Mr. Dreiser's way, "love lies, and make-believe, and spume."

Now we think Mr. Dreiser quite right (if he finds it necessary) to be angry with people who have condemned Lieut. Bilse's narrative as immoral. But we do not at all follow him in his indignation at people who have not found it a masterpiece of art. We find little or nothing in it of "that sweetness and liberality of spirit, delicate, emotional, unmoral, appreciative, coupled with a divine enthusiasm for life as a picture," which Mr. Dreiser finely attributes to the creative realist. What are the facts in this case? Lieut. Bilse found himself a youth of spirit and ability, marooned in a shabby little provincial garrison. His fellow-officers were for the most part contemptible persons, drunken, dishonest, adulterous, cruel. The women of the post were much like the women of Kipling's army posts, creatures of vanity and intrigue. The private soldier was brutally treated. Lieut. Bilse became disgusted

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with the service. Unluckily, before his resignation was accepted, he published this almost photographic record of life in his own little garrison. In the court-martial which followed, he swore that he had not consciously painted the minutely faithful portraits which had been at once recognized by the originals themselves, and by everybody who knew them. To accept this almost incredible statement does not change the character of the performance. It is plainly enough the fruit of rancor against a system, and against certain persons whom the author had reason to dislike. It is less a novel than a tract, and less a tract than a lampoon.

Sinister Street. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

In the interest of that section of the public which may not be familiar with his previous writings, Mr. Mackenzie, or his publishers, should certainly have prefaced this book with the information that it is a sequel to "Youth's Encounter." Whether, having read "Sinister Street," which deals mainly with the Oxford career of Michael Fane, one's curiosity will prompt one to pry into the earlier psychology of that extremely self-conscious hero, is another question. We doubt it; we doubt also whether this book will be read with understanding by any who are not rather intimately acquainted with Oxford, or with sympathy by many who are. Mr. Mackenzie has been fairly successful in depicting a morbid and abnormal type—or rather two or three such types—but we strongly suspect that he is under the impression that the characters he has drawn are both healthy and typical of Oxford. In justice to Oxford, it may fairly be assumed that they are not; and some sympathy is due to other members of the great foundation which the author thinly disguises under the pseudonym of "St. Mary's," on account of the erroneous impression of almost unrelieved snobbery which, all unconsciously, he attaches to that society.

The main difficulty with Mr. Mackenzie, however, appears to be one of arrested development. All of his books have revealed undeniable talent, but it is still the talent of the undergraduate. The curiosity felt by well-brought-up young men of twenty or thereabouts in the class of women politely known as "unfortunate" is a commonplace of youth, and so is that corollary of the curiosity, the mixture of philanthropy and sexuality, which prompts youth to inquire into the lives of the class with the half-formed purpose of saving an individual. But this is thin stuff of which to make a book.

Persons Unknown. By Virginia Tracy. New York: The Century Co.

At one o'clock of a stifling August night the hero is roused from a troubled sleep by a strangely distinct cry, "Ask Nancy Cornish!" Rising, he looks out of the window. In the apartment house across the street one room is brightly lighted, but the translucent blinds are drawn. Some one is playing superbly, and there are voices in excited conversation. Then the shadow of a woman, "lithe and tense," appears on the blind. "Suddenly she flung one arm up and out in such a strange and splendid gesture, of such free and desperate passion, as Herrick had never seen. For a full minute she stood so; and then the gesture broke, as though she might have covered her face. The music, scurrying onward from its crash, had never ceased; it had risen again, ringing triumphantly into the march from Faust, a man's voice rising furiously with it. . . . Then the sound of a pistol-shot split through the night. Immediately behind the blind, the lights went out." "The untangling of that mystery," says the publisher's notice, "leads the reader through chapter after chapter of unexpected turns, sensational thrills, and puzzling climaxes." But there are so many sharp corners turned, so many "presto changes," that the reader gets bewildered. Nevertheless, those who like to play detective will find here an excellent chance to use their wits.

THE ISLAND KINGDOM.

Japan To-day and To-morrow. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. New York: The Macmillan Co. $2.00.

This book ought to have had a preface informing the reader that it is made up of articles that have already appeared in magazine form. He would then have been prepared for slips like that on page 119, where a paragraph begins, "The capital is shorn of its picturesqueness of decoration this year"; and no time indication whatever is added. Moreover, there is a general lack of editorial uniformity, some chapters capitalizing Japanese words like *kurumaya*, others printing them in capital letters; some chapters giving the form "Daimio," others the form "Daimyo." And why, with the double proofreading, should such blunders have been suffered to remain as "Kurumya" (Kurumaya), "Yorimoto" (Yoritomo), "Hachimon" (Hachiman), "Shimonosiki" (Shimonoseki), "Chosu" (Choshu)? The constant use of the old and impossible form "Yeddo" for Yedo or Edo is also to be regretted. The book suffers from lack of an alphabetical index.

Dr. Mabie was fortunate in meeting with so interesting a political personage as Count Okuma, and the chapters which he devotes to that veteran statesman are the most valuable in the book. It is remarkable that the destinies of Britain and of Japan, at this critical period in their history, should be in the hands of men so similar in many respects as Mr. Asquith and Count Okuma, experienced party leaders, and yet thoroughly enlightened and progressive. Here is Dr. Mabie's characterization of the septuagenarian, almost an octogenarian; for he is far more than "halfway through his seventh decade" (p. 238), having been born in 1838:

> Count Okuma has had a large place in the public life of Japan. He has been Prime Minister, Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of Finance, and he is now, for the second time, Prime Minister; but he has been a man of ideas rather than an administrator, a popular leader rather than a successful politician. He has always spoken his mind with great frankness, as he speaks it to-day, and he has never practiced the traditional reticence of the Oriental statesman; a man of strong popular instincts and of the democratic temper, he has been frank and outspoken to a degree which has been unusual in the East, and not always politic. This quality, and the instinctive feeling that he is sympathetic with the aspirations of the people, have made him at times the most popular man in Japan, while his frankness in criticism of popular tendencies has made him at times the most unpopular man in the country. One secret of his strength lies in his apparent indifference to the attitude of the moment. He is the friend, not the servant, of his people. Years ago, during one of the periods of unpopularity, a bomb was thrown into his carriage, and he was so seriously injured that his life was saved only by the amputation of a leg.

It is worth remarking that the question at issue which made Kurushima a bomb-thrower twenty-six years ago was the very one that hurried on the present world war. He and his associates regarded the appointment of foreign judges to sit in the Supreme Court as incompatible with national dignity and integrity. Eager to have the humiliating old treaties revised, Okuma had almost committed himself to this provision; his opponents regarded the provision as still more humiliating. By insisting on this humiliation in the case of Servia last July, Austria struck the match that set Europe ablaze.

Twice in the chapter entitled A Prime Minister on Japan does Dr. Mabie refer to Count Okuma's dissatisfaction with the condition of education in his country to-day, tied to a hard and fast rigidity from elementary school to university that leaves little room for originality or individual instruction; "this is the weakness of state education." It is causing a "universal dissatisfaction, as evidenced in the approaching creation of a central committee for educational revision." Yet, strangely enough, Dr. Mabie never refers to the Count's pet creation: Waseda University, founded a quarter of a century ago to meet this very want. Even so early as 1890 those connected with state institutions in Japan realized that the cultural colleges were being starved because of the insistent demands of the professional schools —jurisprudence, medicine, engineering, military science. Another great leader, the journalist Fukuzawa, founded about the same time the Keio University, to meet the same demand for a type of enlightened and modernized Japanese who was not a mere Government servant. These two institutions, along with the Doshisha University at Kyoto and other religious schools, Buddhist and Christian, are supplying an element that is imperatively demanded in a country where constitutional government is to flourish; the citizen who has not owed everything to government training and supervision, is free of state patronage and is quite prepared to "be in the right with two or three." Count Okuma

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showed his sense of this need recently when "all Japan was deeply stirred by the anti-Japanese legislation in California." He "called a conference of American missionaries and Japanese Christians and others at his house, and in a brief and very impressive address told them that such differences can be finally settled neither by law nor diplomacy, but by religion" (p. 245).

It is a double blunder that Dr. Mabie makes at page 57 when he declares that "ancestor worship was the key to the life of Old Japan; the search for knowledge is both the secret and the master passion of New Japan." Ancestor worship was borrowed from China, and is no inherent part of the native Shinto; while the master passion of New Japan is the furtherance and enhancement of the national life—the flag respected at home and abroad as a symbol of spiritual strength. The Japanese of light and leading desires that his country shall take her certain and assured place among the leading nations of the world. He is by no means an Athenian, on the lookout for something new in thought; he is essentially a pragmatist, who estimates education and religious belief by the type of man they produce. Count Okuma has faith in the Puritan conscience of the college-bred man, such as our missions send out to the Orient; hence he and other Japanese Prime Ministers before him have called these men in when the international situation reached a critical point.

Outside of these chapters on Okuma, one of which is, indeed, as a footnote explains, "a conversation stenographically reported and revised by Count Okuma," there is little of value in the book. Dr. Mabie has failed to absorb the best material, the pages bristle with inaccuracies and *non sequiturs*, and his style is so slipshod as to be a constant irritation. The text on which he seems to base his dissertation is the closing sentence of Chapter I, a bit of mixed and hardly intelligible metaphor; where he characterizes the Japanese as "a people whose government has been religious, whose religion has been governmental, and whose whole organized life has been like a garment woven out of the substance which it clothes but does not conceal." Whatever this may mean, the fact remains that Japan has twice completely reorganized her national life in all its phases, religious and secular, and has found the process of assimilation by no means an easy one. Dr. Mabie is evidently unaware of the significance of the Tokugawa shogunate, which differed so essentially from the previous shogunates to which it succeeded after a lapse of several decades. The Ashikaga shogunate fought with Buddhism; the Tokugawa shogunate, with its anti-Christian, anti-foreign policy, fostered the cult. Its leading minds, Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu, so far from being essentially "fighters whose swords commanded their fortunes" (p. 165), were statesmen who, after Yedo had been chosen as a centre of government, inaugurated there a bureaucratic system which unified Japan, and prepared in a wonderful way for the recently developed imperial cult. In Yedo were gathered for six months of the year those turbulent nobles and their retainers who had kept the whole country in a ferment for centuries. The statement is misleading that "Tokyo did not begin as a city; for many centuries the marshy ground on which it stands was the seat of a group of thirteen or fifteen fishing villages" (p. 90). On the contrary, Yedo, the modern Tokio, was deliberately chosen as a national capital because of its castle, contiguous to the "Estuary Gate" harbor (Yedo), and close to one of the large rivers that drain the widest plain in Japan. To the south stretches an almost landlocked bay. Its site appealed to Iyeyasu, first of the Tokugawa shoguns, as offering admirable opportunities for an administrative centre. On the flat ground round the castle where Iyeyasu and his successors ruled in state clustered the compounds of the Daimyos, while north and south, connected by a long street that ran across Yedo Bridge, the civic centre, were two great parks, Uyeno and Shiba. The city, imperially conceived, naturally absorbed the dozen-odd villages scattered about; and it has been the heart of Japan for now over three hundred years. Dr. Mabie gives no hint of its origin or mission.

His historical analogies are seldom satisfactory. For instance, in speaking of the national conscience, he remarks that Japan "stands in striking contrast to other Oriental countries. So far as the feeling of racial unity and the consciousness of national aims and interests are concerned, India and China have been mere geographical terms, conveying no such group of ideas, convictions, and mental habits as the words Italy, France, or England convey" (p. 275). But was not Italy itself a "mere geographical term" in the lifetime of many of us? Ito of Japan is to be classed with Cavour of Italy and Bismarck of Germany, because in modern times he gave his country her place among the nations; and there is no reason why China should not produce a fourth statesman of the same calibre. This is the true historical analogy.

Herewith a few queries suggested by statements in the book: Was Perdita (shade of Shakespeare!) "born in an imaginary Bohemia" (p. 159), or in a Sicilian prison? Do Japanese ever begin "to read books at the bottom of the last page" (p. 281)? Is there "double the waterfall" (p. 20) of England in Japan? Did the Emperor Mutsuhito promise "the establishment of a deliberate assembly in 1869" (p. 56)? Did "that daring, adventurous Venetian, Marco Polo," actually "visit Japan about 1300" (p. 45)? Or at any time? Is Egypt in Asia, or why the reference at page 43? Are or were Japanese packmen in the habit of balancing tubs at the end of long poles as they trotted along the highway? The reviewer has seen a family of French acrobats perform wonderful feats of a similar kind. The girl carried on her head a framework, at either end of which one of her brothers balanced himself, feet upwards. Dr. Mabie speaks of Japanese coolies who might be seen on the Tokaido with "heavy packs on their shoulders, or long poles with tubs balanced at either end" (p. 12). Does he allude to an acrobatic feat or to an everyday occurrence? When he says (p. 122): "The images of the gods are not forgotten, if the figures in the Buddhist and Shinto temples may be loosely described as gods," does not the writer mean, if the figures . . . really represent gods? And again: "Two years ago more than thirty thousand poems were submitted dealing with the Crane and the Pine, two symbols dear to the Japanese imagination" (p. 144). But surely not the symbols, but the actual bird and plant are dear to the Japanese imagination.

A GORY VOLUME.

Insurgent Mexico. By John Reed. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.50 net.

The vermilion covers of "Insurgent Mexico" but mildly indicate the character of much of the book. Although its author has been proclaimed "the Kipling of Mexico," he has no right to that title except in an extreme sense, for Mr. Reed at his best resembles Mr. Kipling at his worst. As a presentation of conditions and problems now existing in Mexico, the book is a lurid exaggeration of some few aspects, and the frenzied manner of the whole composition aims not so much at depicting sober truths as at shocking the reader by disgusting naturalism in describing an irregular assortment of horrors such as were to be found nowhere else in the world at the time Mr. Reed wrote.

"Insurgent Mexico" consists of six parts, of varying length, apparently selected at random, and composed of the superfluous local color deleted by a wise news-editor from the dispatches of an active war correspondent. Vivid impressions of Desert War, Francisco Villa, and Jiminez and Points West comprise the first three. Villa he describes sympathetically, making him out a very agreeable robber-captain. To the fourth, narrating the attack on Torreon, is given the title, now so portentous, of A People in Arms! Carranza—an Impression, reproduces an unfavorable interview by Mr. Reed with the First Chief. The last part, Mexican Nights, indicates a lack of feeling for unity, since it concludes the whole book with the account of a crude miracle play.

The quantity of blood spilled throughout "Insurgent Mexico" is revolting. The book is soaked and clotted with it; every page drips gore. Detailed accounts are furnished of amateur, impromptu surgery. Then we hear of such attractive scenes as running a naked prisoner "through a hundred yards of chaparral and cactus, shooting at him. Juan Sanchez finally dropped him, screaming, and thereby won the rifle, which he brought back as a present to me. The *colorado* they left to the great Mexican buzzards, which flap lazily above the desert all day long." Later on, among other bloody pages, we have a most precise and circumstantial recital of the killing of some *rurales*, and the condition of their corpses when

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found by Reed and his companions of the revolutionary forces. Again there occur pictures of wounded such as none of the dispatches from abroad have dared to give.

Mannerisms in the use of words, and disregard of such trifles as ordinary punctuation and paragraphing, are commonplaces of "Insurgent Mexico." Mr. Reed says of "Captain Fernando, a grizzled giant of a man in tight trousers, who had fought twenty-one battles," that "he took the keenest delight in my fragmentary Spanish, and every word I spoke sent him into bellows of laughter that shook down the adobe from the ceiling." Yet rare is the page which has not its sprinkling of italicized Spanish words, often misspelled; and further to display his rapid progress after Captain Fernando's amusement, he unblushingly quotes numerous specimens of the unintelligent, obscene expressions which in Mexico fill the office of Anglo-Saxon profanity.

After the rout at La Cadena, Mr. Reed tells us of his terror-stricken flight: "I ran. I wondered what time it was. I wasn't very frightened. Everything still was so unreal, like a page out of Richard Harding Davis. It just seemed to me that if I didn't get away I wouldn't be doing my job well. I kept thinking to myself: 'Well, this is certainly an experience. I'm going to have something to write about.'" This fully states the function of "Insurgent Mexico"—something for Mr. Reed to write about.

ORGANUM NOVISSIMUM.

Our Knowledge of the External World as a Field for Scientific Method in Philosophy. By Bertrand Russell. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. $2.

In this volume of Lowell lectures, Mr. Russell, whose "Problems of Philosophy" was noticed in the *Nation* of February 19, 1914, definitely reveals his call to preach the gospel to the heathen; the gospel being the new mathematical logic, the heathen being the psychologists, who are not half bad, the physicists, who are lacking in imagination, and the philosophers, who are both hopeless and dishonest (p. 45). Towards the unconverted Mr. Russell adopts the tone of the Emperor William the Second, and it seems quite in order to be reminded that the mathematical logic is a part of the German *Kultur*.

The foundation of the new gospel was laid in 1882-3, when Georg Cantor solved once and for all the vexing problem of infinity, the ground having been previously prepared by Frege's definition of number. How to deal with the seeming contradiction between infinity and quantity has worried philosophers since the days of Zeno the Eleatic. Zeno himself, Kant, Spencer, and Mr. Bradley, among many others, have taken it to mean that the world of sense is not quite the whole story. Cantor proved that the contradiction is an illusion; let the infinite be a class of numbers having certain properties —"such that," for example, the number is not increased by adding 1 to it—and the contradiction disappears. Mr. Russell hails this result as "an abiding triumph for the method of logical analysis in philosophy." "The solution is definitive in the sense that it entirely satisfies and convinces all who study it carefully." That the solution has been already communicated to the philosophical world by a no less ardent and skilful expositor than Professor Royce, and that its triumph there remains unrecorded, are either ignored by Mr. Russell or regarded as irrelevant.

The theory of infinity gave rise to a theory of number which, in turn, developed into a new logic, which, as Mr. Russell explains, has completely superseded the logic of Aristotle. The new logic begins at the foundation; it gives support and some correction to the methods of empirical science; and offers a finally secure and "scientific" method for the attainment of all the knowledge that is within our reach. Mr. Russell calls the philosophy based upon it "logical atomism," and invites us to admire such gems as "atomic facts" and "molecular propositions." It is characteristic of his general serenity that, after rejecting Aristotle tooth and nail, he proceeds to lay down as the foundation of all knowledge a principle so fundamentally Aristotelian, and so questionable logically, as the principle that, while some knowledge is derivative, other knowledge is primitive—in other words, that the world of knowledge is built like a house, with the upper stories resting upon the lower.

To one who reflects upon the history of philosophy there is a strong suggestion of naïveté in Mr. Russell's determination to reform philosophy by scientific method. Scientific methods in philosophy, guaranteed to put an end to metaphysical nonsense, are more ancient than sure cures for cancer or tuberculosis, and more numerous. Bacon's method of induction, preceded by the destruction of the "idols" (embodied in a "*Novum*" *Organum*, which, like Mr. Russell's, was to supersede Aristotle's), Descartes's method of beginning with the irreducible necessities of thought, Spinoza's geometrical method, Kant's critical method, Mill's experimental canons, and Comte's positive method—these are only a few of the scientific methods that were supposed to be final. Nor in the light of them all does the new method impress one as strikingly novel. In the English philosophical market, "logical atomisms" have always been a staple article of trade. What is the whole associational philosophy but a "logical atomism"? The chiefly novel feature of the new philosophy is the introduction of numbers among the atoms.

Nor, seemingly, is Mr. Russell aware that the "logical" method of formulating the external world without departing from the field of sense-experience—presented to the philosophers as an illuminating discovery—has been anticipated in all its essential features by John Stuart Mill, including the arrangement of experience in the form of series and the interpretation of non-experienced parts of the world as "possible" experiences. Nor is the device of defining the individual experience as a "perspective" original with Mr. Russell. Here, indeed, he is good enough to recall the name of Leibnitz. But it is highly edifying to note that Bergson, who is supposed by Mr. Russell to be destitute of "logic," has also used this device, and, with Mr. Russell, has suggested that "the thing in itself" might be regarded as a system of perspectives.

One of the important purposes of Mr. Russell's propaganda is to instruct the heathen in the formulation of facts. The following is a "logical" formulation:

> We find that as we walk round the table we perceive a series of gradually changing visual objects. But in speaking of "walking round the table" we have still retained the hypothesis that there is a single table connected with all the appearances. What we ought to say is that, while we have those muscular and other sensations which make us say we are walking, our visual sensations change in a continuous way, so that, for example, a striking patch of color is not suddenly replaced by something wholly different, but is replaced by an insensible gradation of slightly different colors with slightly different shapes.

This statement of the facts is unhappily both false and archaic. It is the sort of statement that was in vogue a generation ago. Generally speaking, none but a painter preceives the "slightly different colors," none but a draughtsman, trained in perspective, perceives the "slightly different shapes." What Mr. Russell records as "hypothesis-free" facts is not what we see, but what we ought to see if the rejected hypothesis of the single table is true.

Mr. Russell handles the classical philosophers in a fashion truly cavalier. "Kant, who was unusually ignorant of psychology, described space as 'an infinite given whole,' whereas," etc. Any student of Kant knows that Kant deliberately rejected psychology, and further that his theory of space was based upon precisely that separation of psychology and logic ("empirically subjective" and "subjective *a priori*") for which Mr. Russell stands. But to appreciate Mr. Russell's genius at its full measure we must see him with Berkeley, in whom, he tells us (p. 63), "we find sensible appearance criticised and condemned," and to whom he ventures to suggest that (p. 64) "it would be a mistake to infer that they [the immediate objects of sense] are dependent upon mind, not real while we see them, and not the sole basis of our knowledge of the external world." After these revelations, in the chapter On Our Knowledge of the External World, it seems incredible that Mr. Russell has read the little classic on "The Principles of Human Knowledge" through to the end, and the completion of his chapter along lines faithfully Berkeleian suggests that his knowledge of Berkeley has been derived from the man in the street.

This chapter is typical of the whole. The summons to bow the knee to mathematical logic is addressed, not to philosophers only,

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but to the whole world of thought. The appalling arrogance of the book, its easy disregard of all accepted interpretations both of logic and of fact, these, combined with a style of superb neatness and precision, and an appearance of complete sophistication, compel the reader to rub his eyes and wonder whether it is not all a huge joke. Either Mr. Russell is unfathomably deep or he is, after all, astonishingly naïve and uninformed. Our conclusion is that he is not unfathomably deep.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME.

England of My Heart. By Edward Hutton. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.25 net.

Mr. Hutton's is an interesting book, "with many [and charming] illustrations by Gordon Home." The thought of impending invasion makes parts of it thrilling. In this "Spring"—the first of four volumes—are presented the southern counties, "full of famous towns scarcely to be matched for beauty and ancientness in the rest of the world" and free from "the industrial city such as infests, ruins, and spoils other lands."

It is preëminently an England of ancientness and beauty that Mr. Hutton cares to write about. Yet the combination is not always an easy one to expound. So much at times does one deplore the intrusion of rugged facts into the midst of a prose poem, that it is comforting to come upon such a confession as this: "History is little to us in such a place, which is to be enjoyed for its own sake, for its own unique beauty and delight. And yet the history of Winchelsea is almost as unique as is the place itself." Chapters of direct history, such as Cæsar in Kent and The Battle of Hastings, or longish passages, like those on the death of Thomas à Becket and William Rufus, are rather more interesting than certain extended and guide-bookish portions of topographical and architectural import. But none of these presentations of fact can rival the portions of the book in which Mr. Hutton is writing from his heart.

For the England of a man's heart should stir the feeling rather than the intellect, and should be held up to admiration, as it is in this book, by a brisk and stalwart conservative with a good, round vocabulary. There are few half-tints in these pages. We are told that people who made mistakes in the past were "villains," "vandals," and "rascals," or "infamous, lying hypocrites"; and we are exhorted to "reserve our hatred for those damned pagan and pirate hordes that first from Schleswig-Holstein and later from Denmark descended upon our Christian country, and for a time overwhelmed us with their brutal barbarism." Doctor Johnson would have loved this man! On the other hand, the monuments left by the goodly ancients are "delightful," "glorious," "wonderfully lovely," and "of surpassing beauty"; and the social virtues of those days are too good to owe their origin to the twentieth century. Thus the old foundations for the poor, strange as they seem to us, are no more wonderful than "the buildings, which, if one would really understand how gloriously strange they are, should be carefully compared with the county workhouse."

The best of the book is contained in passages, all along from the rhythmic Introduction to the end, in which there is something more than fervor, a devout and earnest patriotism. No two passages have quite the same flavor, but perhaps the following is justly chosen:

> And this is part of the virtue of England, that it is as it were a garden of our making, a pleasaunce we have built, a paradise and a home after our own hearts. And in that divine and tireless making we, without knowing it, have so moulded ourselves that we are one with it, it is a part of us, a part of our character and nature. There lie ever before us our beginnings, the earthworks we once defended, the graves we built, the defeats, the victories, the holy places. By these a man lives, out of these he draws slowly and with a sort of confidence the uncertain futures, glad indeed of this divine assurance that there is nothing new under the sun.

Notes

"Crack o' Dawn," by Fannie Stearns Davis, is announced for publication on January 27 by the Macmillan Company.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce for publication this month "Genetic Theory of Reality: Being the Outcome of Genetic Logic as Issuing in the Æsthetic Theory of Reality Called Pancalism," by James Mark Baldwin.

Harper & Bros. have announced the publication of "The Great Mirage," by James L. Ford, and "Heroes of Peace," by F. J. Gould.

Among the February publications of Frederick A. Stokes Company will be: "The Secret of the Reef," by Harold Bindloss; "Wild Flower Preservation," by May Cooley and Charles Alfred Weatherby; "The Cult of the Needle," by Flora Klickmann.

The following volumes are announced for publication in February by Henry Holt & Co.: "Hillsboro People," by Dorothy Canfield Fisher; "Blue Blood and Red," by Geoffry Corson; A "Study of Shakespeare," by Henry Thew Stephenson. To the Home University Library the following volumes will be added on February 13: "The Navy and Sea Power," by David Hannay; "The Ancient East," by D. G. Hogarth; "The Negro," by W. E. B. DuBois; "Russian Literature," by Maurice Baring.

Of the crop of legal treatises upon the Federal income tax of 1913, one of the most serviceable is Mr. H. C. White's "The Federal Income Tax Law" (Banks Law Publishing Company; $3 net). It presents, in the compass of 88 pages, a carefully annotated text of the present law; and in a chapter of 49 pages annotates the sections of the revised statutes relating to the collection of internal revenue. It also gives, in the appendix, the text of previous Federal income-tax laws. The introductory historical chapter is a mere enumeration of the income-tax acts of all countries, and hardly adds to the utility of the book. On the other hand, the two short chapters upon Constitutionality and Construction should prove decidedly useful.

A revised and enlarged edition of his treatise on "The Income Tax" (Macmillan; $3 net) gives Professor Seligman opportunity to add a valuable chapter upon the Federal income tax of 1913. Upon the whole, he finds the present law to be a well-considered measure, and predicts that it "will gradually win its way to public recognition." Professor Seligman also has inserted in his chapter on State Income Taxes an account of the Wisconsin income tax of 1912. The success of this measure leads him to qualify slightly his former sweeping condemnation of State income taxes. He now concedes that "under specially favorable conditions, administrative and economic, it is possible that here and there" such taxes "may do fairly well." But he is inclined to minimize the importance of the Wisconsin experiment, and to underrate the chances of securing equally favorable conditions for similar experiments in other States. Between his present position and that of the careful advocate of the State income tax, the difference is now very largely one of emphasis.

The sixth volume of "The Correspondence of Jonathan Swift," just issued by the Macmillans, brings to a close about as excellent an edition of an author's letters as we have in English. The editor, F. Elrington Ball, may be particularly congratulated on accomplishing a piece of work which, if it may be said without invidious distinction, is agreeable both to the scholar and to the gentleman. For the satisfaction of the former, ample and careful notes are provided, while the gentleman will find the text rationally spelled, punctuated, and paragraphed, and not in the pedantic disguise which, for example, makes Gray, in Tovey's otherwise excellent edition of his letters, look almost like an ignoramus. Various appendices and a full index are included in this volume. At a later date the *Nation* will have occasion to deal at some length with the life and character of Swift as brought out by this new edition of his correspondence; this note is designed only to record immediately the completion of an important work. Yet the writer of the note, having glanced through the letters written at the close of Swift's life, and having been struck again by the extraordinary power of the man, even in his dark decline, cannot forbear quoting this brief communication to Mrs. Whiteway, and calling attention to the likeness of its tone to the terrible letter of Tiberius to the Senate in which he deplores his madness:

> I have been very miserable all night, and today extremely deaf and full of pain. I am so stupid and confounded, that I cannot express the mortification I am under both in body and mind. All I can say is, that I am not in torture, but I daily and hourly expect it. Pray let me know how your health is and your family. I hardly understand one word I write. I am sure my days will be very few; few and miserable they must be. I am, for those few days,
>
> Yours entirely,
>
> J. SWIFT.
>
> If I do not blunder, it is Saturday, July 26, 1740. If I live till Monday, I shall hope to see you, perhaps for the last time.

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In "John Baskerville, Type-Founder and Printer" (privately printed), Mr. J. H. Benton has made an engaging study of an interesting character. Born in the free town of Birmingham, where opportunity favored talent, Baskerville taught writing, cut stones, painted, and followed the art of japanning before he developed his peculiar faculty for the printer's art, on which his reputation wholly rests. Success aroused opposition, and the criticisms passed by contemporaries upon his types and books are collected by Mr. Benton in an entertaining manner, and rejected as false by this loyal admirer of Baskerville's products. The stratagem resorted to by Franklin, whom Baskerville resembled in many particulars, to prove the alleged defects were fanciful is conclusive and entirely characteristic of the man. Having little taste for letters as such, his selection of matter for his printings showed eccentricity; he expected the public to buy what came from his press, and when it did not, he showed bad temper. In fact, his character offers few engaging qualities, but as a printer his taste and ambition carried him far. He introduced new types and improved ink and press-work. What he accomplished, and how, Mr. Benton tells with satisfying detail and in full admiration for the results. The essay closes with a list of the issues of Baskerville's press which are in Mr. Benton's collection. Unfortunately, the volume is "privately printed," for it deserves a wider reading than it can have in that form.

Mr. Gaillard Hunt's "Life in America One Hundred Years Ago" (Harper; $1.50 net) shows so many signs of haste in the writing as to be an imperfect and ill-proportioned compilation. A list of sources does not remove this impression gained in the reading, and the absence of notes giving the authorities for statements prevents a test of fulness and accuracy. The opportunity to prepare a careful and comprehensive survey of social conditions in the early nineteenth century has been sacrificed to the desire to produce a readable book. Mr. Hunt's pages are readable, but that quality will not compensate for the misplaced emphasis on certain individuals and subjects and the want of a philosophic weighing of facts and tendencies. Madison, then President, may be regarded as the hero of the book, though he does not figure as such in history. The author's views on slavery are singularly crude, and the same may be said of his treatment of the lower tastes or faults of the people. The country had come to be composed of so diverse materials, socially, as to present special difficulties to a balanced description. Some of these difficulties Mr. Hunt has overcome with success, and more care would have conquered others. The few chapters in Henry Adams's "History" or the more detailed summaries in McMaster would have served as models in the preparation of such a study of the people, and remain better than this compilation of Mr. Hunt. At the same time, the curious will find much of interest and of novelty in these chapters, entertaining in form and detail, and in many parts sympathetic to the social phases described.

In "William Gray, of Salem, Merchant" (Houghton Mifflin; $4 net), Mr. Edward Gray has sketched an interesting career, of which few actual records have survived. Merchant implied much more than commerce, and, successful in privateering as well as trade, Gray accumulated a large fortune which he freely used for the public service. His fleet of thirty ships, employing three hundred sailors, was the largest in New England, and sailed to China, India, and Russia. Though a Federalist in politics, he supported Jefferson's embargo, and even his townsmen of Salem could not endure that with patience. They made it so disagreeable for him and his family that he removed to Boston. Becoming a Republican, he was twice elected Lieutenant-Governor of the State, and passed his later years in advancing the interests of Boston and its institutions. He was a capable merchant and an independent and honorable member of a community rich in such characters. Without the family papers, and drawing his material from newspapers and a single letter-book, Mr. Gray has made an interesting contribution to the social history of Boston. It is unfortunate that no adequate study has been made of the influence of the merchants of Boston and Salem in developing the wealth and influence of Massachusetts. They ruled before protective tariffs directed the enterprise of the State into manufactures.

"The Rise of the American People, a Philosophical Interpretation of American History," by Roland G. Usher (Century; $2 net), deals in broad outlines with certain fundamental features of American history in order to give the reader a rapid survey of the meaning rather than the facts of our national development. It pretends to be the kind of book that an expert would write for a layman. The plan has been tried before, but never very successfully, because the writer has been either inadequately informed or under the influence of a theory that has marred his conclusions. Professor Usher has succeeded better than some of his predecessors, because he is historically minded and appreciates the significance of the social, economic, and financial forces that have been at work to shape our development at critical periods. He is possessed of a fluent, vigorous style that is always clear, though clogged at times with mannerisms and passionate phrases that weaken its force. Much that he has written is an excellent corrective of complacent and vainglorious views regarding our forefathers and their accomplishments, but on the other hand much is overdrawn on account of the writer's extravagant defence of the idea that States' sovereignty and State independence have been the determining factors in our history from earliest colonial times to the close of the Civil War. The idea itself is not new, but the length to which it has been carried here is novel and certain to arouse dissent. The writer's tendency to generalize on the basis of half-truths, as when he calls the Revolutionists and the Loyalists the debtors and creditors of the period, leads him frequently into assertions that impair the value of the book for the layman who cannot apply the needed qualification. But the only chapters that are distinctly inadequate are those dealing with the colonial period. There the writer's bias renders his conclusions thoroughly unsound. Professor Usher is so convinced that the "King's headship of the Empire" was merely "an ornamental constitutional feature" that he almost refuses to use the word "colony" on the ground that the thirteen colonies were actually "sovereign States in all but name." To defend this conviction he cites evidence drawn from Massachusetts records only. In fact, all the chapters dealing with events leading to the Revolution consistently ignore the influence of other colonies than those of New England. Such manifest unfamiliarity with the history of the colonies as a whole and of their relations with England renders the writer's generalizations on this phase of his subject of very little value.

The Rev. Dr. William De Loss Love, for many years the active pastor of one of the leading Congregational churches of Hartford, and to this day one of the prominent and influential men of that city, has rendered a service to his city and to students of the history of colonial life in New England by publishing "The Colonial History of Hartford: Gathered from Original Records" (privately printed; $5). By an extraordinarily minute research among the original records, not only of Hartford, but of the related towns, he has cleared up many clouded points regarding the beginnings of Hartford and of the Commonwealth of Connecticut. At the same time he has set forth a vivid picture of social, political, and religious life in the early days. The volume of 357 pages, with copious index and some thirty well-chosen illustrations, has abundance of color, lively apposite anecdote, and a delightful seasoning of humor. Dr. Love, however, did not intend to write a popular history. He has been digging among the roots of the three vines which in the State's coat-of-arms represent the three towns, or plantations, out of which the Commonwealth of Connecticut was made, and he sets down his discoveries. Here is a volume embodying the results of a ruthless original investigation of primary records indispensable to the student, not only of New England history, but of political beginnings in America. Incidentally, it presents a first-hand picture of life in one of the most individual, and at the same time in many ways one of the most truly typical, of the New England communities, during the century and a half ending about the close of the Revolutionary War. The shadows and the lights of a sombre-hued community—social life, trade and shops, homes, churches, schools, punishments for crimes—are all brought before the modern eye in the naïve contemporaneous records of the times; with all that is necessary of explanation, yet not so much as to mar the vividness of the first-hand impression.

In "The Christian Life in the Modern World" (Macmillan; $1.25) Prof. F. G. Peabody points out clearly and effectively how a modern man, in his relations to family, business, and the state, may live in accordance with the New Testament standard. A simple yet comprehensive religious creed is given by T. Rhondda Williams in "The Working Faith of a Liberal Theologian" (Scribner). Taking what is common to all Christian bodies, he finds the solution of difficulties in the belief in the spiritual constitution of the world. "The Seer's House," by James Rutherford (Scribner; $1.75 net), is a collection of sermons, consisting of practical remarks. Joseph F. Randolph, in "The Law of Faith" (Putnam; $1.50), a statistical study, takes "Faith" as including both trust and faithfulness; but the two are different, and should be treated separately. Excellent devotional works in The Short Course Series (Scribner; 60 cents a volume) are "The Son of Man," by Andrew C. Zenos; "The Joy of Finding," by Alfred E. Garvie; "The

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Prayers of St. Paul," by W. H. Griffith Thomas. S. S. Hebberd finds "New Proofs of the Soul's Existence" (Boston: Sherman, French & Co.), in the principle of cause and effect. There are phenomena, he holds, that cannot be explained except by the assumption of a soul.

The feminist should take heart from the Phalarope. To the female of this species "is given splendour of plumage and desire of conquest. To the male, with passions less furious, the placidity of the courted and the need of a nest to cover. . . . With the sunshine flashing triumphantly on her feathers, the Phalarope went wooing." The male at first "took wing and whirled across the Loch. But he, the first of his sex to return to the nesting ground, was still under the chill of his six months' celibacy, and fled . . .," while "the snipe, rising and falling overhead to the rhythm of their own love lyrics, paused to watch a sight so strange as the Phalaropes' tempestuous wooing. . . . They went honeymooning under the pink plumes of the bog-bean. . . . He sank down in the grass, and tucking his bill under his feathers soon slept profoundly. She, however, lay beside him wakefully, full of pride. He was hers. He was a tool that she had won simply for his uses. She looked lovingly at his ample, warm breast. Soon . . . soon it would cover *her* eggs." There is plenty more of this passionate perversion of natural, orderly animal life in Maud D. Haviland's "The Wood People and Others" (Longmans; $1.40 net). It is as if Elinor Glyn had written "The Jungle Book," without Kipling's sense of humor. To young readers, for whom it is obviously intended, this is a pernicious book. It is misleading to import these conscious human intentions and passions into the lives of

> the things
> That glide in grasses and rubble of woody wreck,
> Or change their perch on a beat of quivering wings
> From branch to branch, only restful to pipe and peck.

The ways of birds, animals, and insects, as these creatures have learned to work them out, possess a fascinating interest to any patient and humble observer; the more so that they are their own, and not ours. It is not necessary to put their cries and calls into the silly language of the nursery, or to give to their actions motives too human in order that we may interpret their significance truly and beautifully to children. "All sane the woods revolve," and their denizens are neither sentimental nor hysterical.

Miss Katharine Coman, professor emeritus of economics in Wellesley College, died at her home in Wellesley on January 11. Miss Coman was born in Newark, N. J., on November 23, 1857, the daughter of Levi P. Coman and Martha Seymour Coman. She graduated from the University of Michigan in 1880, and was shortly afterwards called to Wellesley College as instructor in English. She entered the department of history in 1881, was made professor in 1883, and later professor of history and political economy. In 1900 she was made professor of economics and sociology, and entered upon her special life work. She served as dean for one year, 1899-1900. Her published works include: "The Growth of the English Nation," "History of England," "History of England for Beginners," "English History as Told by English Poets" (with Katharine Lee Bates), "Industrial History of the United States," and "Economic Beginnings of the Far West."

Science

HUMANS AND ANIMALS.

Behavior. By John B. Watson. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

Although an elaboration of eight lectures and intended primarily for use in university classrooms, this book is full of interest for the ordinary reader. It presents in concise form the most recent methods and results of the principal students of comparative psychology. The chapters deal successively with problems and apparatus, experimental studies on instinct and its origin, habit formation, the limits of training in animals, man, and beast, and finally give résumés of our knowledge of the scope and function of the senses in the various classes of vertebrates.

The most pronounced feature of the book is its conservativeness, an admirable quality in view of the necessarily compiled character of most of its chapters. The author is usually willing to allow the results of experimenters to speak for themselves, or, as in the case of imitation, to admit that only contradictory evidence has been obtained. On one point, however, he is quite dogmatic: the failure of human psychology to make good its claim as a natural science:

> Due to a mistaken notion that its fields of facts are conscious phenomena, and that introspection is the only direct method of ascertaining these facts, it has enmeshed itself in a series of speculative questions which, while fundamental to its present tenets, are not open to experimental treatment. In the pursuit of answers to these questions, it has become further and further divorced from contact with problems which vitally concern human interest. . . . Psychology, as the behaviorist views it, is a purely objective, experimental branch of natural science, which needs introspection as little as do the sciences of chemistry and physics. . . . The position is taken here that the behavior of man and the behavior of animals must be considered on the same plane; as being equally essential to a general understanding of behavior.

Emphatic proofs of Professor Watson's position are shown on adjoining pages, where he endorses the belief that the image is a form of implicit behavior, and affection a rather complex type of instinctive behavior.

In actual comparison of men and animals Professor Watson holds that language is the great separative phenomenon; the only character which trenchantly divides the two groups:

> In considering their behavior, it seems well to bear in mind that *all behavior, human and animal, is analyzable in terms of stimulus and response,* and that the only difference between man and animal, upon this assumption, would be in the complexity of behavior. The fundamental difference between man and animal, from our point of view, lies in the fact that the human being can form habits in the throat (and other bodily language habits), neglecting his finer sensory-motor equipment. . . . From our point of view, it can readily be understood that the search for reasoning, imagery, etc., in animals must forever remain futile, since such processes are dependent upon language or upon a set of similarly functioning bodily habits put on after language habits.

Professor Watson's views upon the status, or even the actual existence, of any psychic or metaphysical phenomena would be extremely interesting. His naïveté is worthy of note in the following phrases which follow a very fair estimation of the comparative value of field and laboratory studies:

> But, granting the indispensableness of the laboratory, it is well, after finishing with our animal, to observe him yet again in the field. One can readily conceive of some such situation as the following: After years of analytical study upon the temperature, visual, olfactory, and auditory senses of a given species of bird, one might predict the utter absurdity of that bird's being able to get back to its home when carried out to sea for a distance of one thousand miles. Yet, on specific test, we find the bird able to do this. Of course, our laboratory study was incomplete, or we should have been able to predict what actually happened.

One is impressed by the constantly expressed conviction that a tropical station for the breeding and rearing of chimpanzees in association with children is one of the most urgently needed auxiliaries for the future study of behavior.

The final sentence reiterates the author's belief in the all-importance of the kinæsthetic system, that "there are no centrally aroused sensations, and that even in 'thought' there is always a movement of a muscular mass somewhere, presumably usually in the laryngeal and related mechanisms."

The four William Brewster Clark Memorial lectures given at Amherst College during last year compose George Howard Parker's volume, "Biology and Social Problems" (Boston: Houghton Mifflin; $1.10 net). Their titles are: "The Nervous System," "Hormones," "Reproduction," and "Evolution." Naturally in a semi-popular course of this kind, and in addresses covering so tremendous a field, we do not look for many new facts or much original material. But Dr. Parker has given us what is almost as desirable, a well-balanced résumé of the subjects in excellent language, a clear and flowing style which runs smoothly from beginning to end. And this is a faculty which places him among a scant dozen of our American zoölogists. In the first chapter we pass from personality to the structure of the nervous system, and then to reflexes, voluntary actions, and memory. The author has the ability to frame his ideas so vividly that it is easy for his readers to retain them, and so to grasp the logical sequence of the review of each subject as a whole. His abstract comparisons are admirable. Speaking of the cubic inch of material comprising the cerebral cortex, the seat of memory, he writes: "In a man who weighs approximately one hundred and fifty pounds, this amount of substance would represent about one five-thousandth of his total weight, yet this very small proportion of his body serves him as the material basis for a whole life of intelligent activity and is the

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part of the nervous system chiefly concerned in yielding that almost impalpable product, human personality." The subject of hormones is made as clear as is possible with these mysterious "humors" and their inexplicable influences not only upon distant parts of the human body but upon temperament. The third paper illustrates the clear-cut point of view of the scientist in regard to sex and reproduction, and the intelligent reader will find here a refreshingly unhackneyed discussion. It will doubtless be new to many lay readers that man reproduces not only sexually, but by budding, as in the case of "identical" twins and triplets. In the last chapter, devoted to evolution, the most interesting phase of treatment is of the relative importance to the human individual of his triple inheritance, direct physical characters, tendencies, and indirect influences, and of the very significant, semi-Lamarckian, heritable intelligence.

Drama

"CHILDREN OF EARTH."

In spite of carrying the prejudice of a ten-thousand-dollar prize, Miss Alice Brown's play, "Children of Earth," which is produced by Winthrop Ames at the Booth Theatre, has certain merits which all can recognize. For one thing, it deals in personages who, through the skill of other writers, notably Sarah Orne Jewett, have come to be regarded as representative American types, and who are thus peculiarly fitted for representation on the stage. Secondly, to the extent at least of the first act, the characterization of an interesting central figure is managed with much truth to life. But, with the beginning of the second act, signs of the amateur begin to appear. A play which started as a careful drawing of types suddenly develops into a romantic fantasy, wherein a ravishing springtime setting is made largely responsible for an evident wrench in human motives. Not even in "Paul and Virginia" does Nature become to a greater extent protagonist.

Mary Ellen Barstow, living in a small Maine town, has devoted her life to a selfish old father, whose death has occurred a few days before the beginning of the action. A woman in the forties, she still yearns for a normal woman's life, and indeed has written a former lover whom she has not seen in twenty-five years to come and claim her. When he arrives he is not, of course, what she has supposed him to be; is, in fact, an old skinflint, who presses his suit merely because he knows that, through the agency of a rich brother in New York, Mary Ellen has acquired a deal of property. The revelation of his character at length opens her eyes to her feeling towards Peter Hale, a neighbor, who, in despair of obtaining her, has married a "Portuguee," but who has all these years shown Mary Ellen marked kindness.

It is apple-blossom time at the Hale farm in the second act, and Mary Ellen, to outwit the craftiness of her brother and suitor, has subscribed to a transaction in Peter's favor, at great sacrifice on her own part. This deed and Nature are sufficient to draw the two violently together, especially as Peter and his wife are nothing to each other. The two resolve to meet at daybreak the next morning at Pine Tree Spring (again Nature ravishes) and to elope. Met there, they enact a scene like that of Richard Feverel and Lucy on the island. Here an orchestra should have played on shepherds' pipes, so idyllic was it all. No regret is theirs, until Jane, Peter's wife, disturbs their quiet. Hid in the bushes, they are audience to her sobs, and when she departs, the music of their dream has turned to the grating of "scrannel pipes." It has all been a fantasy, a glimpse into what might have been. They return to their respective homes; and though Jane, who is devoted to Mary Ellen, is reconciled, the ending is particularly weak—for the two women are to live together and Peter is to be about much of the time, tending to Mary Ellen's garden.

Without the charm of Miss Effie Shannon it is doubtful whether the part of Mary Ellen would have been a "go." The other rôles were also ably filled. Herbert Kelcey was the brother, Reginald Barlow the suitor, A. E. Anson was Peter, and Jane was played by Gilda Varesi. Olive Wyndham gave a capable performance as Mary Ellen's niece. F.

"THE SONG OF SONGS."

Mr. Edward Sheldon prefers to go his own way. True, it has now become clear, if we except the inconclusive experiment, "The Garden of Paradise," that he knows only one way. Rumor had it some years ago that this young writer never quite recovered his mental equilibrium after making a study of Antoine realism. And it is certain that many who should have known better accepted him, at the first appearance of his "Salvation Nell," as the Antoine of America. Decorous Bostonians, who were furnished with this play in advance of New York, gasped at its daring and tried to assure themselves that such sights were good for them. Other sheltered souls frankly used the play as a means of "slumming." All the time it should have been manifest that this was no more Antoine realism than was "Bertha the Sewing-Machine Girl." The comparison is not haphazard. For the fabric of Mr. Sheldon's dramas, including his latest, is of a piece with thoroughgoing melodrama. Never has he constructed a piece in which the progress of the action has seemed inevitable or in which the characters have had any downrightness, save that of sounding words and ripping oaths—this notwithstanding his great attention to verisimilitude of setting and other superficial details.

But it is said that Mr. Sheldon has, at any rate, brought melodrama down to earth out of the region of otherworldliness, and in so doing has made it correspond with actual American life, which, in its very mobility, is melodramatic. In place of a wan maiden who is bandied about by villanous fate, but who is in the end unhurt, he shows you the girl's bedraggled body and her bleeding heart. To this advantage has been his study of Antoine realism. But it may be doubted whether American melodrama and Antoine realism can be made to fuse. At least to finicky persons Mr. Sheldon appears merely to have put into melodrama an element which by some kind miracle had hitherto been withheld—the sex interest. Bertha, captured and detained by a villain for days, would be sure to escape with virtue unscathed—such unreality!

If Mr. Sheldon is singled out for harsh treatment, it is because, much more than inconclusive problem plays by others, his work has the earmarks both of crude melodrama and of brave pretensions to realism.

No better opportunity to see exactly where Mr. Sheldon stands as a dramatist could be asked than that offered by his latest production. Precisely how Sudermann's vivid story was best to be adapted to the stage is a difficult question to answer. What, for instance, to make of his symbolism? But it is certain that Mr. Sheldon has, artistically speaking, chosen the wrong way. The symbol which in the novel lures the heroine on to adventure after adventure in the hope of attaining real love, becomes in the play merely an excuse for further philandering. Consider Mr. Sheldon's treatment. Lily, a girl of sixteen, engaged in a bazaar at Atlantic City, is beset by a young profligate, Richard Laird, and an old one, Senator Calkins (John Mason). The violence of the latter's kiss for a moment stirs her passions and she cries out, "The Song of Songs!"—*ecce* Love. To the Senator's credit, be it said, he marries her and takes her to his home at Tarrytown, where she is to be converted into a lady by the Senator's housekeeper and mistress (Dorothy Donnelly)—a crassly melodramatic figure. But Richard is not yet out of her mind, and on the plea of reforming him she admits him to secret meetings, at one of which she is caught by the Senator, and, though technically blameless, she is cast out of doors. Nothing remains for her to do but to become Richard's mistress. Enters a student of law at Columbia (Ernest Glendinning), who, with the idealism of a very young man, essays to rescue her by marriage. Fortunately for Stephen, he has an experienced old uncle (Thomas Wise) who, by getting the girl drunk at a dinner, succeeds in dissuading Stephen from his philanthropic designs. The girl is sent home in a taxi to the ménage kept by Richard, and there, the "morning after," 5 P. M., after she has attempted suicide and failed of the courage, Richard enters and insists that they shall be married. Again the song of songs! Curtain—and the melodrama is done.

For melodrama it assuredly is. It would be so easy to make it recognizably such to all. Leave out the sex element, substitute a fortune for Love, and by a few strokes of the pen the play could be converted into a blood-and-thunder performance. Not by lugging in nastiness can Mr. Sheldon make the discerning mistake the crude outlines of his work for Antoine realism. F.

THE REVIVAL OF "ROSEMARY."

John Drew's brief revival of "Rosemary" at the Empire Theatre made a pleasant interlude in a theatrical season of few costume plays and little romance. For old time's sake alone many doubtless welcomed this play by Louis N. Parker and Murray Carson, who would hardly be interested in it were it produced to-day as a new work. Indeed, by no possibility could it be written to-day, for it is special to its own epoch, and, truth to tell, contains but few elements of permanence. The piece in which Mr. Drew scored one of the greatest successes of his career only eighteen years ago is to-day old fashioned, not in matter so much as in method. The pretty romance of the thing still has its appeal, and it was pleasant to see Mr. Drew, in the rôle of Sir Jasper Thorndyke, successfully throwing down a challenge to time; but one wondered vaguely at the crudity with which Mr. Parker produced his effects eighteen years ago

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and realized that, though life may be short, any but the best art is shorter still. Nevertheless, the brief revival, which was only for eleven nights and four matinées, was well worth doing. The cast was excellently chosen. Miss Alexandra Carlisle played Miss Adams's part of Dorothy Cruikshank and invested the character with not less charm than did its creator. The ever-welcome Mrs. Whiffen emerged once more from threatened retirement to play Mrs. Cruikshank, and Hubert Druce and Harry Harwood gave capital impersonations of Professor Jogram and Captain Cruikshank. Of Mr. Drew it is only necessary to repeat that time has not withered the well-remembered charm of his performance. S. W.

In an unpretentious volume, "How to See a Play" (Macmillan; $1.25 net), Dr. Richard Burton undertakes to initiate the general public into the mysteries of dramatic composition and to teach them how to distinguish between worthy and trashy entertainments, with a view to improving popular taste and creating a demand for better and more artistic drama. The advice which he gives is sound enough in the main. Whether there is a demand for it is another matter. It is true that theatre-goers will not pay to see what they do not like or do not want, but what they really want is quite a different question, to which the answer is by no means self-evident or easy. The notion—sedulously fostered by the great majority of managers to whom all knowledge of literary or dramatic art is as a sealed book—that the public taste is crude and incapable of appreciating what is good, is absolutely fallacious, in spite of Colley Cibber, who is quoted by Dr. Burton, to the contrary. After fifty years' experience of the theatre the present writer can remember but very few instances where a fine play, well performed—this is the vitally important point—has failed to meet with substantial popular support. It must be remembered that it is the masses, not the cultivated few, who make the great successes. Amid the poor folk of Islington Phelps played Shakespeare, with abundant profit, for nearly twenty years. All the good modern plays—there are scores and scores of them—which have made innumerable fortunes for managers and actors, have been supported by the crowd. Of course, the masses flock also to all kinds of silly, trivial, or merely sensational shows, but they only patronize the best of their own peculiar kind. Who enriched Forrest, Edwin Booth, Jefferson, Sothern, and Marlowe? It is the foolish commercial system that has brought the theatre to its present low estate, not the debauched taste of an ignorant and undiscriminating populace. As for a public demand, who makes it? The public has no voice in the preparation of its theatrical entertainments. It must take or leave what is offered, and, as a rule, it displays an admirable discretion in this respect. The managers are the folk who need enlightenment and instruction, and some of them might learn much from the elementary information which Dr. Burton affords. The greater part of his book necessarily covers old ground. His summaries and directions are sufficiently accurate, and many of his remarks are judicious, especially those which relate to the cultural opportunities of the theatre. The book is written in a fluent and agreeable literary style, but at times the author is perhaps a trifle over-dogmatic.

Mrs. John Wood, whose death in her eighty-second year is announced from England, though never great, was one of the most popular actresses of her time. She was a woman of indefatigable spirit and a fine gift of robust humor and pathos. She began as Ophelia, but soon drifted into burlesque and melodrama, in both of which she was eminently successful. In New York, for many years, she was identified with Wallack's ("Hiawatha"), Niblo's Garden, and the Olympic. In London she was a great favorite. For some time she managed the Court Theatre. Afterwards she appeared at Drury Lane, as the heroine of several of the huge melodramas for which that capacious house is famous.

Music

THE FAMOUS BOSTON ORCHESTRA.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

Boston Symphony Orchestra Programmes, 1913-1914. Edited by Philip Hale. Boston: C. A. Ellis.

A few years ago the widow of Theodore Thomas, America's greatest orchestral pioneer, wrote a volume on his career which includes many suggestions, based on experience, that must have proved of great value to the ambitious persons who have recently been organizing orchestras in various cities in this country. Many hints of equal value may be found in the new 280-page sketch of the history of the Boston Symphony Orchestra; nor is it to organizers alone that this book appeals; many others will find entertainment in the picture it presents of musical life in Boston in the thirty-two seasons since its now world-famed orchestra was launched. The author does not plunge *in medias res;* nor is that a fault in the present case, as the glimpse he gives of pre-Higginsonian conditions presents an amusing contrast to those prevailing subsequently. Jenny Lind had to sing in the Fitchburg railway station, because that was the only auditorium large enough for such an event before the Music Hall was built in 1852. Symphony concerts were given in that hall, and, as there were no programmes, the names of the pieces were announced by the conductor. The late W. F. Apthorp remembered one occasion when the orchestra played a Railway Galop, during the performance of which a little mock steam-engine kept darting about on the floor of the hall, with black cotton wool smoke coming out of the funnel. These diversions, however, seem to have been dropped in course of time, judging by what the author calls the "almost proverbial" phrase of the time: "dull as a symphony concert."

It would be unfair to judge early musical Boston entirely by such amusing instances. There was much serious devotion, especially to choral music. The Handel and Haydn Society was formed as long ago as 1815; and in 1823 it asked Beethoven to write an oratorio for it. Orchestral concerts of considerable merit were also given, but what finally made Boston for three decades conspicuous among American cities was due to the lucky circumstance that a millionaire became enamoured of the idea of having an orchestra for his diversion, as other wealthy men have enjoyed their yacht, racing stable, library, or art gallery.

Henry L. Higginson struck oil in Ohio, and that gave him the means for carrying out his wishes. He had, as a youth, worked hard as a student of music in German cities and Vienna, but had come to the conclusion, after two years, that he had no talent for playing or for composition. After he had returned and become wealthy, he remembered the excellent orchestral music in Vienna; and this, combined with the effect on him of Theodore Thomas and his orchestra, made him say to himself: "I can drop business now, retire, and lead a life of comparative leisure; or I can continue to work and by my earnings establish an orchestra. This has been the dream of my life."

How his dream was made actual is told in considerable detail in these pages. Since the orchestra was founded, in 1881, there have been six conductors of it—George Henschel, Wilhelm Gericke, Arthur Nikisch, Emil Paur, Max Fiedler, and Karl Muck. Only two of these—Nikisch and Muck—would be placed by the best judges in the first rank of conductors in these exacting days; yet, backed up by a generous patron, who did not flinch even when he had to pay the maximum deficit of $52,000 for one season, they were all able to give performances that helped to build up the reputation of Mr. Higginson's orchestra in Boston, New York, and other cities. The choice of Mr. Henschel to start the orchestra was odd, for, although he was a thorough musician, a good singer and player, he had had no experience as a conductor. He nevertheless became an idol of the public, even though some of the papers were accused of permitting their critics "to vilify, malign, abuse, and ridicule" him. His successor, Mr. Gericke, was not at all pleased with what he found: "You have not an orchestra here. There are some musicians, but it is hardly an orchestra." He began to discharge the men right and left—a wit declared it was a wonder he didn't discharge Mr. Higginson, too! He brought over from Vienna Franz Kneisel and other first-class players; he was a martinet as a drill-master. In these things and all other details Mr. Higginson allowed him a free hand, and the result was that when Mr. Gericke returned to Vienna his successor, Mr. Nikisch, could exclaim: "All I have to do is to poetize!" Mr. Gericke had not done very much of that, and Mr. Nikisch, now acknowledged the world's leading conductor, apparently did too much of it to suit semi-Puritan Boston. So he, too, returned, and Mr. Gericke was called back once more to drill the men to military precision.

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It cannot be said that Mr. Howe always makes it perfectly clear just why each of the conductors came and went. That Mr. Higginson always tried to get the best is certain. Once, Hans Richter signed, but could not obtain his release in Vienna. In its receipts the organization had its ups and downs. At times its generous founder came near quitting, but artistic and philanthropic motives upheld him. He allowed no labor-union tyranny; and when it was necessary to have a new hall, he threatened to disband his men unless it was built; and built it was, by public subscription. Mr. Higginson, in a word, in giving to Boston a model orchestra, has not only shown great generosity, but excellent business sense; and he has had the good luck to have associated with him for thirty years the best manager this country has produced—Charles A. Ellis, who, after struggling with many difficulties, has brought it about that in most of the cities visited by the Boston Orchestra all the seats for the season are sold in advance, by subscription.

Several valuable appendices have been contributed to Mr. Howe's volume by Miss Barbara Duncan. The first gives a complete list of the soloists who have appeared with this orchestra; the second, the names of the orchestral musicians; the third, the répertoire from the beginning to the present day, with dates, arranged alphabetically by the composers' names. It is a most imposing list of masterworks of all schools, and one is glad to see that Americans have not been neglected. This index thus sums up the helpful indices for the separate seasons printed annually in the bound volumes of the Boston Symphony Orchestra Programmes. These programmes, distributed free, have done a great deal for the musical education of Bostonians, especially under the editorship of W. F. Apthorp and Philip Hale. The latest volume makes a book of 1,610 pages. It contains, besides Mr. Hale's admirable analyses and learned footnotes, a large amount of miscellaneous reading matter, culled from American and foreign papers and books—articles on Debussy, Handel's orchestration, Smetana's deafness, a Chinese music lesson, musical fireworks, mechanical piano-players, Ravel, Schönberg, Wagner for amateurs, and many other topics. HENRY T. FINCK.

From a long death list of musicians in 1914, compiled for the Chicago *Tribune*, the following prominent names may be chosen: Raoul Pugno, Emil Liebling, Putnam Griswold, Lillian Nordica, Emil Fischer, Ernest von Schuch, Pol Plançon, Edward Mollenhauer, Ludwig Englander, Albert Magnard, Gabriel Dupont, Frank King Clark, Charles de Bériot, Jean Baptiste Faure.

Word has been received from France that Martinus Everardus Christiaan Kriens, the composer and concert pianist, has been killed in action. He was a gold-medallist of the Royal Conservatory in The Hague, and member of the Society of French Composers. At the age of fifteen he conducted his own symphony with his father's orchestra in Haarlem, Holland, and with other leading orchestras in Holland. He was the composer of many large instrumental works, and numerous songs, published in Europe. Mr. Kriens was conductor of the French Opera in Paris, Boulogne, Cairo, and later in New Orleans, and thereafter spent several years in the United States. He was a native of Holland, but lived mostly in Paris. He joined the Corps of Foreign Volunteers when war began.

Art

CRITICAL ESSAYS.

Artist and Public and Other Essays on Art Subjects. By Kenyon Cox. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50 net.

That the weakness of modern art is the isolation of the artist is Mr. Cox's contention in his title essay. "A living and healthy art never has existed and never can exist except through the mutual understanding and coöperation of the artist and his public. Art is made for man and has a social function to perform." The extreme fruits of wilful isolation in the artist are shown in the newer eccentric movements. Concerning these, Mr. Cox sits in the seat of the scornful. With the general position, which is held with vigor and lucidity, we sympathize. Where Mr. Cox seems to us deficient in insight is in denying sweepingly to the eccentrics the qualities that may go with eccentricity. To certain impetuous and disorderly beauties, Mr. Cox seems wholly blind. He simply moves the social previous question and votes the unruly artist down. The procedure, despite the trenchant ability of the argument, suggests less the methods of a critic than those of a prosecuting attorney. We feel sure that an equally competent counsel for the defence might successfully urge attenuating circumstances. Yet the general analysis of the growing detachment and increasing insignificance of the fine arts through the century is so sound and weighty that we wish this essay the widest reading.

In an address on The Illusion of Progress, Mr. Cox protests against the application of evolutionary formulas to the fine arts. The position is brilliantly maintained. In fact, there could be no more dangerous fallacy than that art on penalty of declining must restlessly and perpetually vary. The lust for novelty has generally been not the making but the undoing of artists and tendencies. It is well to have this matter once for all set straight, and this essay is a real landmark in the history of æsthetic ideas. In an essay on Two Ways of Painting, with a Titian and a highly impressionistic Sargent as text, Mr. Cox weighs the gains and losses of the academic and impressionistic mode. Is it better to discover pictures or to arrange them? It depends largely on the temperament of the artist, but the pictures most freighted with thought and feeling never can be discovered; they must be arranged. Such is a conclusion from which no person who really values thought is likely to dissent.

In essays on Raphael, Millet, and the American School, Mr. Cox reveals those familiar qualities of clarity, vigor, and elegance which have justly given him a premier position among American critics. A longer appreciation of Saint-Gaudens strikes a more personal note. This lends an element of charm which is uncommon in Mr. Cox's writing, while the usual impression of a kind of finality is lacking.

A collection of essays that combine a large measure of original research and minute erudition with fineness of taste and appreciation is something of a rarity. Such a book is W. R. Valentiner's "The Art of the Low Countries" (Doubleday, Page; $2.50 net). More comprehensive studies are Linear Composition in Dutch Art, in which is discussed the inveterate preference for rectangular forms, the Church Architecture of Holland in the Middle Ages, the Haarlem School of Painting in the Fifteenth Century, Works by Rubens in American Collections, and Works by Van Dyck in American Collections. Shorter essays are the Satirical Work of Quentin Metsys, the Brothers Camphuysen, Rembrandt's Blinding of Samson, and Rembrandt's Representations of Susanna. Perhaps the most delightful of the essays is Rembrandt at the Latin School—an attempt to trace the education of the master with a full account of the classical themes which are represented in his paintings, etchings, and drawings. The discussion is as sympathetic in tone as it is enlightening in substance. Appendices give complete lists of pictures of the Early Haarlem School, and of Paintings by Van Dyck and Rembrandt in America. It will be a surprise to many readers to learn that no less than forty-nine Van Dycks and ninety-five Rembrandts have crossed the Atlantic. The book is well made, there are nearly a hundred illustrations, mostly from out-of-the-way originals, and Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer's translation reads with the grace of an original. It is both a learned and a humane book. One of the bitterest ironies of the war is the fate that has removed the author from his constructive task in the Metropolitan Museum to a possible duty of demolition in his dearly loved Flanders.

"The Vatican, Its History, Its Treasures" (New York: the Letters and Arts Publishing Company), is a large, fully illustrated quarto written by a number of expert contributors. Notably excellent are the general history of the survey of the Papal Palace and of the Vatican Library, by Paul Maria Baumgarten; and the description of the Museum of Ancient Sculpture and Painting, by Alessandro della Seta. Ugo Monneret de Villard treats very ably the Gardens, the Chapel of Nicholas III, the Pauline Chapel, and the hall of the Geographical Charts. The Pintoricchio decorations of the Borgia Apartments are suspiciously entrusted to Corrado Ricci. Federico Hermanin acquits himself well of the very difficult theme of the Sistine Chapel, and Antonio Muñoz handles acceptably the Stanze and Loggia of Raphael. In general the work is succinct and fresh, agreeably unlike the usual compilations. The book is well planned but suffers in places from in-

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equality of translation and lack of right editorial oversight. In Ridolfo Kanzler's article on the Christian Museum are several minor inaccuracies, including a mislabelled plate. The use of "tables" and "tablets" throughout this article, for panels, is irritating. Luigi Cavenaghi's chapter on the new Picture Gallery, besides many smaller slips, confuses a Crivelli Pietà with a Bellini of the same subject. Indeed, there are errors enough in this portion to require overhauling of the plates. These mistakes, however, are rather blemishes than radical defects, and the book with its plentiful illustration—more than 800 cuts, many unhackneyed—and its lucid survey of the great palace and its workings, should meet with favor. The necessity of using glazed paper for the plates makes the volume inordinately heavy. Subject to this drawback, it is a fine specimen of the manufacture of the De Vinne Press.

Finance

THE RISE IN WHEAT.

When war broke out, wheat was selling at Chicago for 96 cents a bushel, and the price, in the face of an American crop larger than any previous harvest by 127,000,000 bushels, or 17 per cent., was considered very high. At the end of December it sold at $1.30 per bushel; on Friday of last week at $1.45. This was actually the highest price ever reached since the "Leiter corner" of May, 1898, at the outbreak of the Spanish War. It is higher than any price touched in the famous "drought year," 1881, and it has been matched on only one other occasion (1888) since paper-money days.

There has been no mystery about the movement. Europe's harvest of 1914, to begin with, though not greatly below the average, fell 359,000,000 bushels short of 1913. But its harvests were also largely shut off from market; Russia in particular, which raised nearly 800,000,000 bushels, finding its exports blocked through the closing of the Baltic and the Dardanelles. There was the certainty of deficient harvests on the Continent next year, with nearly all the usual farm hands at the front, and, in addition, the early prospect of our own newly planted winter wheat crop has been none too favorable. That European markets should have bought of us in wholly unexampled quantities, and that wheat shipments should have greatly helped to swell our export trade and turn the foreign exchanges in our favor, followed inevitably.

Within this past week, wheat has declined at frequent intervals, in connection with random talk of prohibiting further exports because of the high price. Nothing is at all likely to come of such foolish notions. But the situation, as the Chicago grain market reports it, is none the less remarkable. In no recent year has the visible supply at American storage centres been as large at this season as it is this week; yet there have been few years in the history of the American grain trade when values have gone as high in January as this week's. When trade opinion is canvassed, the answer is apt to be that indications favor a high level for all grains during the balance of this winter and the early spring. What prices will do in the distant future, depends upon the length of the war and the size of next summer's crops in the United States.

The Russian surplus may have to be dealt with before very long. But the Dardanelles are only half a mile to two miles wide and forty miles long, and are full of mines. Inquiries made at Liverpool and London, moreover, as to the probable shipments from Russia in case the Black Sea route were to be reopened, have drawn the reply to the effect that shipments from that quarter would probably be light, because stocks are not large at accessible Russian points, the railways having been too busy transporting troops and supplies to haul the necessary grain.

The fundamental consideration is that Europe itself, with a scarcity of farm labor and a probable shortage of available acreage, cannot possibly raise a full crop this present year. But Europe will have to be fed, and yet, as matters now appear, such countries as have raised large crops in 1914 are likely to end the present crop season with supplies down to a minimum. The world's surplus will be well used up by the time the new harvest is ready. We have exported close to 200,000,000 bushels of wheat and flour thus far in the season. Should we export 10,000,000 bushels a month in the next five months, it will mean that the previous maximum in our grain-trade's history—the 235,000,000 bushels export in the crop year after Europe's famine of 1897—will have been exceeded. Exports this month are expected to set a new monthly record in our history.

In former years, when prices have been high, there has been much manipulation of values through activities of powerful speculators. This year, there has been no such manipulation on any important scale. Export buying has made up more than 75 per cent. of the trading, and has literally forced speculation to take hold. With over twenty different countries buying wheat in the United States these past six months, sometimes very urgently, and with export buying averaging 1,000,000 bushels a day for over five months, on top of the huge supplies bought prior to the war in Europe, no combination of speculators could have controlled the market.

In no year on record have the grain farmers throughout the United States been so fortunate in obtaining high prices for their crops. It is true that probably 25,000,000 bushels of wheat were sold right after harvest in June and July at low prices—say 60 to 70 cents—for the outlook then was far from satisfactory for remunerative values being obtained later. But the advance since August, and the sales at steadily advancing prices, have far more than made up for this. For oats and corn also, the returns to the farmers have been unusually good; indeed, there has seldom if ever been a year when they have seen such high prices for their corn as were obtained last month and the first two weeks of this present month. This is the one respect in which the European war has brought a windfall of prosperity to the United States.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Conrad, Joseph. A Set of Six. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Curwood, J. O. God's Country and the Woman. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Ford, James L. The Great Mirage. Harper. $1.35 net.
Newte, H. W. C. A Pillar of Salt. Lane.
O'Higgins, H. J. The Adventures of Detective Barney. Century. $1.30 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Calderon, S. Stories for Carmencita. Privately printed.
Connolly, C. The Truth About the Frank Case. Vail-Ballou Co. 25 cents.
Gould, F. J. Heroes of Peace. Harper. 75 cents net.
Kehler, J. H. An Open Letter to the Nation with Regard to a Peace Plan. Mitchell Kennerley.
List of Geographical Atlases in the Library of Congress. Vol. III. Compiled under direction of P. L. Phillips. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Stockton, R. Peace Insurance. McClurg. $1 net.
Twelve Best Tales by English Writers. Selected by Gowans, A. L. (Pocket Edition.) Crowell. 35 cents net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Lucka, E. Eros: The Development of Sex Relation through the Ages. Putnam.
Mott, J. R. The Present World Situation. N. Y.: Student Volunteer Movement.
Steiner, R. Christianity as Mystical Fact and Mysteries of Antiquity. Putnam.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Barrows, D. P. A Decade of American Government in the Philippines. 1903-1913. World Book Company.
Black, H. C. A Treatise on the Law of Income Taxation. Second Edition. Vernon Law Book Co.
Hecker, E. A. A Short History of Women's Rights. Second edition. Putnam.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Brinkley, Capt. F. A History of the Japanese People. Encyclopædia Britannica Co.
Harrison, A. The Kaiser's War. Introduction by F. Harrison. London: G. Allen & Unwin. 2s. net.
Radziwill, Princess Catherine. Memories of Forty Years. Funk & Wagnalls. $3.75 net.

TRAVEL.

Brown, F. L. A Sunday-School Tour of the Orient. Doubleday, Page.

POETRY.

Best English and Scottish Ballads. Selected by Bryant, E. A. (Pocket Edition.) Crowell. 35 cents net.

SCIENCE.

Hansen, C. M. Universal Safety Standards. Universal Safety Standards Publ. Co. Second edition.
Hillyer, V. M. Child Training. Century. $1.60 net.
Wiley, H. W. The Lure of the Land. Century. $1.40 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Goodman, K. S. Back of the Yard. Ephraim and the Winged Bear. (Stage Guild Plays.) D. C. Vaughan. 35 cents net each.
Hague, E., and Kileny, E. Folk Songs, from Mexico and South America. H. W. Gray Co. $1 net.

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